

## UNION ELECTIONS WED. -- BIERWAGEN PRESIDENT BY ACCLAMATION

### Students' Council Considers Song Contest Entries

Important Revision in Handbook Policy Decided On—To Be Given to Freshmen

The three best entries in the University Song Contest were presented to the Students' Council for their consideration by the judges on Wednesday evening. The judges, John Bowman, Mr. George Steer, K.C., and Mr. Henry Atack, selected three songs as the best from the entry list of 23. These three best entries were sung by a male chorus. They will be presented at the Senior Spring Formal tonight, and another public presentation will be made next Friday afternoon in Convocation Hall. The final decision in the matter rests with the Students' Council, and so it was moved by Pat Kilkenny that the Council continue to feel out student opinion in the matter.

The N.F.C.U.S. budget for the term April 1st, 1934, to March 31st, 1935, was accepted.

A report on the Handbook by Jack Tuck, the past director of that publication, was adopted. Tuck recommended the doing away with the tender system of selecting a director, suggesting that the director should not be required to pay any percentage to the Students' Union, but that if a percentage was considered necessary it be fixed at 10 per cent. He suggested that it be made compulsory for all new students to purchase a copy of the Handbook. President Arnold pointed out that that would be impossible, because the regulations would not permit it being made compulsory to one class of students and not another. Mr. Tuck also proposed that there be a definite rule set for admission of students to the section entitled "Who's Who."

The committee investigating the matter decided that there should be no tenders, but straight applications would be received.

It was moved and carried that the Council recommend to incoming directors that copies of the Handbook should be given to all Freshmen at the director's expense. The argument was that solicitors of advertising for the publication would have the talking point of higher circulation, and could thus be able to overcome the cost of these Handbooks by the higher income from advertising. It was also moved and carried that 25% of all the director's profit over and above the sum of \$400 be turned over to the Students' Union.

A motion that the highlights of the Constitution be printed in the Handbook.

#### EV. BORGAL

##### FOR SEC. MEN'S ATHLETICS

To direct any student activity in an executive capacity, a man requires primarily three qualities, namely, managerial ability, resourcefulness, and a thorough knowledge of the activity which he is to direct. In electing Ev Borgal to the office of Secretary of Men's Athletics the student electorate will be choosing just such a man. A well known figure in various branches of athletics, Ev has been for two years active in senior rugby, interfac hockey and wrestling, and has during the past term distinguished himself as manager of interfac hockey.

A good athlete, a popular and efficient manager, and above all a genuine "square shooter," a vote for Borgal is a vote for bigger and better athletics!

#### NORMA CHRISTIE

##### FOR PRES. WOMEN'S ATHLETICS

Norma Christie has thrown her hat into the ring in the race for the Presidency of Women's Athletics. She takes with her all the advantages of past Council experience as secretary-treasurer of Women's Athletics last year. Her familiarity with the inner workings of this important executive position make her the logical candidate for your support. The step from secretary to president should be the natural one.

Not only has she had wide executive experience in this field, but she has been two years on the senior rugby team and earned the right to your support as an athlete.

For quiet, steady efficiency, Norma won the respect and admiration of last year's entire Council, and we earnestly solicit your support on her behalf.

#### MARJORIE MCKENZIE

##### FOR PRESIDENT OF WAUNEITA

During her three years at Varsity Marjory has displayed an active interest in all activities. Last year she was an ardent and enthusiastic member of the Wauneita Executive, and by this preparation she has proved her ability to fill the President's position. Marge has a mature sense of responsibility, which will be to the best advantage. It is felt that Marjory is the logical senior for this position.

### Report of the Council on Proposed Rink Fee

You will vote next Wednesday on the question of maintaining a \$1.00 rink fee. The following information is given for an understanding of the entire question:

The Covered Rink was built by the Students' Union in 1926 at a cost of \$20,000. This sum was borrowed from the Provincial Government, to be paid back over a period of years. To repay this loan each student was assessed \$3.00 per year up until this year. The last instalment of the loan was repaid this year, when the Council reduced the rink fee to \$2.00. During this seven-year period, deficits for any year were provided for from the \$3.00 fee, and any small improvements were also provided for from this fee. At the same time the Rink Committee had, as its first aim, the paying off of the loan, with the result that overtown hockey teams often received first consideration in the matter of hockey hours, and further that students were charged \$3.00 per hour for hockey and \$2.00 per season for skating tickets, as against \$5.00 per hour for hockey and \$4.00 per ticket for skating for outsiders.

At this time, the rink having been paid for, the Rink Committee recommends that a fee be charged for the operation of the rink. The Students' Council endorses this recommendation, and has gone on record as favoring the maintenance of a \$1.00 rink fee. The reasons for this decision of Council are as follows:

The \$1.00 fee may be considered as a reduction of the \$3.00 fee because of the fact that operating deficits and small improvements were provided for out of the \$3.00 fee. We shall continue every year to face the possibility of an operating deficit.

Deficits in the past have run to as high as \$500.00. Thus, to meet the obvious possibility, there must be a fund which will meet this deficit. Thus from the point of view of a straight business proposition a fee is necessary.

Further, the rink as it exists is a part of our student community. As such the student body should have first consideration in hours of use and cost of use. With an operating fund, season tickets can be sold to students at as low a figure as 75c. Hockey hours can be rented at as low as \$2.00 per hour. And more important is the fact that students will get first choice in hockey hours, more hours for skating and a better ice surface. Through a fund this will be possible because there will not be the necessity of catering to overtown teams to provide for income. In this way we would be providing the use of this rink to those for whom it was originally intended, namely, the University students.

Another factor to be considered is this. The students built the rink with the understanding that over a period of years improvements would have to be made. Provision was made at the outset for the increase of seating capacity and the enlargement of ice surface. It would appear then that the repayment of the borrowed loan and the actual building of the rink, only partially completes the rink. Improvements will have to be made over a period of years, and to provide for these improvements a fund is necessary.

Lastly, the rink has been built and paid for by the students of the past seven years. The rink has a life of approximately 20 more years. The consideration of justice to students of the past seven years and of fairness to every future generation of students would indicate the fact that there should be a fund, which in 20 years' time would provide for the rebuilding of the rink.

The Council asks you to consider this whole question very seriously, and you are urged to take your stand on the matter next Wednesday.

HUGH A. ARNOLD,  
President, Students' Union.

The special committee for the investigation of student finances, in a report submitted by A. D. Bierwagen, expressed themselves as being unanimously in favor of the above scheme.

They have considered the proposition from the point of view of the purpose of the committee, and feel that in the long run it would entail less expense to the students.

The complete report has had to be deleted because of the shortage of available space.—Ed.

### "DERELICT" TO BE PRESENTED MAR. 24

"The spirit of a nation, if it is to find expression, must include a national drama."—Bessborough.

We feel justly proud of our Dramatic Club and the high honor they won at the Alberta Regional Drama Festival. There were eight clubs entered from the leading towns of the province, so our team was playing against actors of much experience and talent. Judging by the loud cheers and hearty congratulations

tendered by the audience when the winner was pronounced, the verdict was the popular opinion.

Mr. Rupert Harvey, of London, England, the adjudicator, has done much for the stage there and in Canada, so we consider his praise of our "Derelict" as being very valuable. He has been in charge of the Bessborough Theatre for the past year, and produced "Romeo and Juliet" with Lord Duncannon in the title role.

The Chancellor, the President, the Registrar, in fact, all members of the staff, have offered aid and support in sending this play to represent our University at the coming Dominion Festival at Ottawa. The students can get behind the movement by supporting the performance in Convocation Hall on Saturday, March 24.

Along with the "Derelict," which needs no further introduction, will be given "The Will," by Sir James Barrie. This is played by the Edmonton Little Theatre, and was their festival entry under the capable direction of Ted Cohen. The play is in three scenes and covers a period of thirty years in the lives of the leading characters. At first we are given a charming picture of newlyweds in 1885, and then follow them down through the years when money and social position bring what the world terms "success." It builds to a moving climax which shows the fallacy of these to lead to complete happiness or contentment in life.

Remember the date, March 24.  
NORA YOUNG.

#### GAMBY GILLESPIE

##### AG REPRESENTATIVE

Here we have a man of ability, vitally interested in Student Union activities, who would ably represent the Agriculture faculty on the Council. Gamby has been at the University for three years now, and will be a junior in Agriculture next year. That he is a man of sound judgment and foresight is illustrated by his change in registration from Commerce to Agriculture.

His experience in Gateway work and wide personal associations have given him an insight into Student Union problems and made for him a host of friends. In the event of his election you may rest assured that he will be a hard-working, alert member of the Council, giving the Faculty of Agriculture creditable representation.

#### Nominations for Students' Union Elections

President—Arthur Bierwagen.

Vice-President—Madeline Austin, Margaret Smith.

Secretary—Jack McIntosh, John Woznow.

Treasurer—Jack Tuck.

President, Literary—Ralph Collins, Larry Davis, David G. Ross.

Secretary, Literary—William Epstein, Molly Jones, Lois Whitby.

President, Men's Athletics—Ernie Ayre, Harvey Fish, Donald Wilson.

Secretary, Men's Athletics—Everett Borgal, Don Gardiner.

President, Women's Athletics—Norma Christie, Kay Swallow.

Secretary, Women's Athletics—Ruth Carlyle, Amy Cogswell, Margaret Sutton.

Arts Representative—George Casper, Helen Henderson, Mary Sutherland.

Science Representative—L. H. Bergman.

Agricultural Representative—Ralph Carlyle, W. R. Hanson, Gamby Gillespie.

Medical Representative—E. Donald.

President, Wauneitas—Ruth Graham, Margery MacKenzie.

Secretary, Wauneitas—Anathalie Heath, Flora McLeod.

Women's Disciplinary—Marion Aikhead, Margaret Clayton, Beatrice Gillespie, Christine Jackson.

Physical Education

CREDIT 1933-34

All those who wish to claim exemption from Physical Education for periods spent in playing on senior, intermediate or junior teams, also boxing and wrestling, are requested to submit "Absence Cards" showing dates, and signed by the managers of the teams, to the C.O.T.C. Office (Room 159 Arts) not later than the 31st March.

### University Cast to Present Sherriff's "Journey's End"

ENGLISH CAST FOR ENGLISH PLAY

Stage Favorite to Be Presented in Convocation Hall a Week Friday

A University cast is putting on "Journey's End" at the Convocation Hall next Friday night, March 16. The audience that assembles to see it is one that will be doubly critical, for this play must stand a severer test than has any other play that has ever been performed here. With the exception of "St. Joan," the Spring Play of 1932, there was no play that any campus organization has produced here within the past few years that had ever been performed in town before. Even the screen version of "Outward Bound" did not arrive here until several months after it was presented by the Dramatic Society.

But "Journey's End" has been seen in Edmonton twice within the past four or five years; first on the stage, by an excellent English company, and then the screen version directed by James Whale and starring Colin Clive, both of them of the original London stage performance. Many people who will be seeing the play next Friday night will have seen one or maybe both. They will come with a high standard of production in mind. They will come knowing how the play should be done; what will they think of this amateur production of a great and tragic play?

We feel that they will not be disappointed. The play has been excellently cast, and is in the hands of a director of experience and unquestioned ability. For one does not have to go to a world metropolis to find great actors. And certainly, with most people, to know that Chris Jackson is playing the leading role of Stanhope is alone a realization that this "Journey's End" will compare highly with their memories of the stage or screen production. As a matter of fact, if our memory is correct, was not "Journey's End" originally written for an amateur production?

The play is being performed by a group of persons who have come together in order to breathe into life the very human characters of R. C. Sherriff's stark and pitiful tragedy, "Journey's End." Chris Jackson is Stanhope, the young company commander, whose nerves, between fatigue and whiskey, are all shot to pieces; Kenneth Woodford is Raleigh, fresh and eager, just out from school; Ken Ives is the kindly Osborne, "Uncle" they call him; Fraser MacDonald is the pitiful weakling Hibbert, and John Rule is the cheerful cockney Trotter. The play is a character study of these several persons under circumstances which are utterly outside of their control or responsible even. It is not merely their reactions, but the apparent utter indifference of these circumstances to their reactions that make this a great tragedy, and one of the most outstanding dramas of modern times.

In addition to the above players the cast includes Emrys Jones as Mason the cook, Tony Whiteside, Brummy Aiello, Bill King and a few others. Emrys Jones, who staged last year's Spring Play, as well as several Little Theatre plays, is directing. Mr. Stanley Landymore is designing the set, modelling it after the original London set. Ralph Lee is in charge of the lights. Several ex-service men are checking details to assure authenticity.

#### GEORGE CASPER

##### FOR ARTS REPRESENTATIVE

This is a eulogy. I don't know what a eulogy is—neither does George; but he says that this might be it. No amount of searching in the Arts Faculty will find a member more suitable for the position than George Casper, third year Arts and Med.

It is rumored that he began his executive work as director in the Edmonton Boys' and Girls' Fair, along with Bev Facey, Glen Cameron, Harry Prevey, Norm Craig, Dept. of Economics, Bob Scott and Ted Bishop. For the past two years he has been active as a member of The Gateway staff, this year as assistant sports editor. Last fall he was manager of the Arts interfac rugby team. He is also very interested in dramatics, this year acting as property man and assistant stage manager.

For a sane, fair, clear and essentially human view of your problems for the coming year, be sure to vote for George Casper.

#### ANATHALIE HEATH

##### FOR SECRETARY OF WAUNEITA

High school executive work has fitted Anathalie for the secretarial position. An ardent worker is needed to help make an enthusiastic executive. The position will be ably filled by Anathalie.

### I Saw This Week

Art Bierwagen receiving the acclaim and acclamation of the multitude. Kay Bingy saying her prayers.

Hazel Wilkinson very excited on Wednesday afternoon about a new "sparkler."

Harold Riley stating emphatically that the Year Book is turning in a surplus.

Pat Kilkenny and Cameron Grant "railing" the Spring Formal. Jay Burke and his famous bathtub making "I Saw This Week" for the second last time.

## SENIORS PRESENT LAST FORMAL OF SEASON TONIGHT





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta  
Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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## JOURNEY'S END

A group of the veteran exponents of drama in the University are rehearsing for a presentation of "Journey's End," reputed to be the most outstanding work that has arisen out of the Great War. No publicity has been given this venture in order not to interfere with the production of the Spring Play, but it has been under way for some time and should open within two weeks. The play is under the direction of Emrys Jones, and Chris Jackson and Ken Ives are taking leading parts.

A group of the most finished actors in the University working on so unusual a play should produce something that is really worth while, and give a fitting conclusion to the dramatic season.

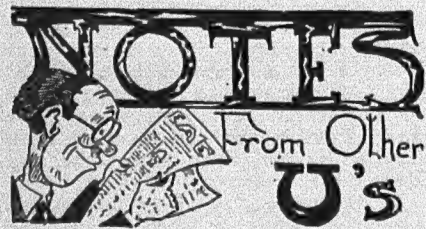
It is planned to apply the proceeds, at least in part, to sending "Derelict," the successful entry in the recent Alberta Dramatic Festival, to compete at Ottawa for the Dominion award. If this project goes through this will for a long time be remembered as one of the most successful years that the Dramatic Society has enjoyed. It is surprising how much real talent has been unearthed in so relatively small a group; no doubt much of the credit of this must go to Mr. Davis and his executive, who have undertaken successfully numerous experimental projects.

We have no doubt as to the success of "Journey's End," where a group of clever artists put a play on because they want to, because they like the play—it ought to be good.

## CAMPUS POLITICS

There is something rather refreshing about the way campus politics are taken around this University. If there is any mud-slinging or back-biting it must be kept pretty private. The candidates usually appear to be the greatest friends during the whole issue, and are seen together as much as possible, both grinning widely and making deprecatory gestures towards themselves. It may be good, clean sport that way, but it does not make for much excitement.

If one candidate took as a platform, "A reduction in students' Union fees at all costs" and the other took "The same fee, but more for it," and then went right to it, speeches, pamphlets, etc., and the best man (?) win, that would give us something to vote for, something to build an election campaign on. Public meetings by the candidates in Arts 136, heckling, etc., would be better than a prize fight.



## Are "Required" College Courses Doomed?

That by 1980 colleges will have abandoned required courses, and all students will be able to take whatever subjects they please and ignore those they do not want, is predicted by Professor David Snedden, of Columbia University.

Colleges should take much less than the 50 years allotted by Professor Snedden to make his prediction a reality. Long ago the idea was abandoned that no man was to be considered educated until he had a few stiff, mind-cracking courses in Latin and mathematics.

We know now that the mind works best on subjects in which it is interested.

Thus, college administrators are gradually beginning to see that a student's mind may be more dynamically developed through active individual interest than by the more circuitous route of "prerequisite" courses.

A few American junior colleges are today pioneering in this field of progressive education. In some of the two-year schools, requirements for entrance and graduation are less formidable than in the traditional universities. Thus the junior college student may shift to various courses as his intellectual curiosity broadens, without loss of important credits.

If Professor Snedden's prophecy is realized, students who definitely wish to specialize may, of course, still do so. But those who wish education for citizenship will be able to acquire it without sacrificing unnecessary time and effort to "required courses" designed as "good medicine."—Los Angeles College.



## IF YOU KNOW OF A BETTER 'OLE GO TO IT

Customer (to butcher)—Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at the other.  
Butcher—Well, in these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meet.

Graduated Lawyer—I've just made a fortune!  
Law Student—Nice work. Whose was it?

Fair Pembinito (to friend after fighting with the boy friend on the evening of the Spring Formal)—Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my whole life, but he's spoiled my evening.

1st Heavenly Twin (probably Lois Brown)—So your brother runs a duck farm? Is his business picking up?

2nd Heavenly Twin (Alice Richardson)—No, picking down.

(The names don't fit in here very well, but we had to get the Heavenly Twins in somehow. In fact, we don't even know whether Alice Richardson has a brother. If she has, we hope he can take a joke.)

Ken Ives (gallantly proposing the toast)—Gentlemen, the toast is "The Ladies," bless them; and, after all, they are the sweets of life!

Austin Brownie (rising to support the toast)—Gentlemen, the ladies are the sweets of life. One-half of them are acid drops and the other half humbugs.

The stranger stopped outside the jewellery store and gazed intently at the fine display of silver cups in the window. A few minutes later he was talking to the jeweller.

"What are those big silver cups for?" he asked, picking one up and gazing at it critically.

"Those are to be awarded as prizes at the sports meet," returned the jeweller.

"For racing?"

The jeweller nodded.

"Well," said the stranger, edging nearer the door and still holding the cup, "suppose you race me for this one?"

## THE SHANGHAI POPPY CHAPTER 453

After having permitted a decent passage of time between Percy's humiliating subjugation at the hands of The Poppy and our resumption of this gripping adventure, we find ourselves in the torture chamber, where The Poppy is at home every day between two and five. Delirious and Percival are strung up to the ceiling by ropes attached to their wrists. Hark, Delirious' sweet tones can be heard:

"I never thought you'd come, Percy! I mean I thought you'd never come."

"I wouldn't have if I'd known this would happen," growled the unfortunate young man. "But never mind, dear, I think I see a way out. The Poppy may think he's pretty smart, but I propose to show him that he's gone to seed, the old—well—thing. He's pretty clever, you know, Deely. I shall be rather sorry when I master him, because I have really enjoyed matching my wits with his. Quite the most interesting case I've had for years. Quite."

"My, but it's tiresome waiting," sighed the beautiful Delirious. "You know, Percy, I bought the cunningest little jade toothbrush today. I mean it's cutesy wootsey, reely."

Percy swayed convulsively. "Jade!" he ejaculated. "Jade toothbrush? I see it all now. No wonder The Poppy's up in the air. Secondly, no wonder we are up in the air."

(To be continued)

English professors at the University of North Carolina, being interviewed on movie stars, have almost agreed that Mae West certainly gives to the public what it wants in the way of realism.—The Hornet.

## Fathead

The present day college student doesn't have to worry as much about the contour of his skull as some of his predecessors, for phrenology is now passe. It was Franz Gale, an eccentric Viennese physician of the eighteenth century who introduced a system of Phrenology. He stated that after examining the heads of individuals who exhibited unusual mental or moral endowments that he had worked out correlations between the topography of the skull and traits of character. He further concluded that the size and configuration of the brain are represented by those of the skull. The brain was supposed to be composed of forty-two constituent organs. Every prominence in the skull was supposed to indicate the size of the organ beneath it, and thus the development of the correlated mental faculty. The natural inclinations or passions, situated at the lower and posterior part of the brain were amateness, continuity, adhesiveness of friendship, combativeness and destructiveness. While the sentiments situated at the superior portion of the cranium were self-esteem, love of approbation, cautiousness, firmness and benevolence. The intellectual faculties in the anterior region were individuality, form, space or size, weight or resistance, color, locality, etc.

The size of a prominent depression or bump was supposed to determine the degree of the faculty only when taken in conjunction with the other tendencies, for one faculty would tend to aid or inhibit the function of another.

In the eyes of science, phrenology is related to neurology as alchemy to chemistry or astrology to astronomy. Delineation of character from bumps and depressions of the skull has been proved impossible by modern medicine.

In spite of this fact, periodically

one will run across articles, appealing to the popular mind, describing the weak points in the skull of a criminal or the strong points in a man of note. That which applies to phrenology is also true of physiognomy, for no one can tell a man's character by his facial features.—Xaverian.

Joe MacLean (after shaving)—I think I need some sticking plaster.  
Mike MacNeil—I think you need a sewing machine.—Xaverian.

## Afraid?

Unpopularity heads the list of "chief fears" which persecute first year students at Rockford college, according to the results of a psychology examination recently given them.

Other fears range from dating to spiders, and include suspicious looking men, snakes, mice, horses, firecrackers, drunks, being hit in the eye while wearing glasses, living too long, not getting off at the right station, and what happens after death.

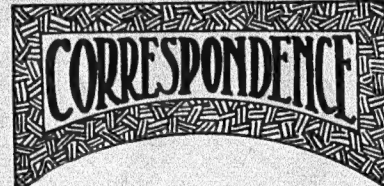
Being told how to play a hand of bridge or drive a car, seeing someone file their fingernails or giggle, are among those things rousing freshmen anger.

Other wrath-provoking objects are: noisy eating of soup or coffee-drinking, chewing gum, clucking noises made with the tongue, cracker-crunching, an eight-year-old boy's laughter, a narrow-minded grandmother, a critical brother, clumsy people, people who say "what" continually, people who say "he don't know," gossip, teasing, pseudo-sophistication, and the repetition of familiar slang words.—Daily Northwestern.

Mary—He said he'd love me for ever and ever—  
Jimmy—Ah, men.

Every Freshman entering Union College must take a swimming test.

An instructor in the sociology department at the University of Wisconsin passes out cigarettes to students during exams to make students more natural, because, he says, the



March 6, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Last Saturday a swimming meet was held between Alberta and Saskatchewan universities, in which Alberta received rather a severe trimming. Let it be said that our team needs no apologies; it did its best under the unfavorable conditions with which it was faced. But surely this defeat must bring home to the mind of every student the necessity for better swimming facilities on the campus.

Saskatchewan brought a fine team here, well-trained and in the pink of condition. With a pool of their own on their own campus they had the most favorable opportunity to develop fine swimmers. On the other hand, Alberta entered in the competition a team which owing to its very inadequate swimming facilities, had had practically no training. With the exception of two practices at the Y.W. pool, all its preparation has been made in the tank at the Y. M. C. A. This pool is much too small to be used for the development of swimmers, and moreover its distance from Varsity deters many from attending who cannot spare the time taken in transportation.

If swimming is to be properly encouraged, then we must have within our own campus an all-year-round indoor pool, sufficiently large to supply the needs of the hundreds of enthusiasts of this great sport in the University. I do not doubt that some day in the history of its progress, Alberta University will be supplied with a swimming pool. But it remains for the students of today to decide when this time will be.

Yours truly,

NATATOR.

University of Alberta,  
March 8, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—While not agreeing unreservedly with all the statements made by your correspondent last week in regard to attendance courses, I would like to commend both yourself and him (or her) for bringing the matter up. The business of "attendance" versus "non-attendance" courses has long been a sore point around this University. The fight has raged as long as I can remember, and probably will continue to do so until a sensible view of the whole matter is taken by those in authority. The steps already taken in the removing of attendance restrictions are good as far as they have gone. They have helped to destroy that premium which compulsory attendance places on drowsing day after day through lectures, too many of which are not even worth the obviously labored preparation which the professor in charge has put into them.

At the moment, however, there is one particular point upon which I would like to make a brief comment, and that is the anomaly of the "non-attendance" course in which a roll-call is methodically taken at the opening of every lecture and a record of absences is scrupulously kept. To me this type of thing is immeasurably more objectionable than a straight rule requiring compulsory attendance. After all, under a rule of compulsory attendance, one at least knows where one stands. One has to go to lectures, whether they are of any value or not, in order to enjoy the privilege of writing the final examinations. Under a system of "non-compulsory attendance" where a roll book is kept we have an anomalous kind of situation which is in reality a kind of compulsory attendance masquerading under false colors. After all, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, most professors are human, and it requires little imagination to see him looking through the class register at the end of the year to pick out the students who have most faithfully attended his lectures throughout the term, as well as those who have done the opposite, in order to mark them down, at least mentally, for preferment or the reverse.

There probably are circumstances in which compulsory attendance is desirable; I don't pretend to know all about that. But I would like to see this particular situation cleared up. As far as I can see it amounts to the worst kind of hypocrisy. We have been told that a record of attendance is required by the University from all classes, for some purpose or other, statistical perhaps. If that is the case, let us be told just exactly why, and then see if some way cannot be found to eliminate the necessity of it. Either we have compulsory attendance or we haven't, and it is either time that some way be found to end this absurd anomaly of the taking of attendance in so-called "non-attendance" courses, or else we should frankly admit that for all practical purposes attendance is compulsory in all courses at this University.

POLEMIC.

## SENIORS!

Seniors who wish to have their pictures used in the Year Book may still do so by getting in touch with one of the following before Wednesday noon:

Pat Kilkenny,  
Jean Irving,  
Cameron Grant,  
Gwen Nixon,  
Molly Buchanan,  
Ted Bishop.

course itself is so inhuman.—Queen's Journal.

Sophomores at the Colorado School of Mines have a unique method of getting around the ruling that Sophomores must not paddle freshmen. They make the freshmen paddle themselves.

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

On the verge of being stuck for a question for this week, the G.I.R. became involved in one when he stepped on the 9:16 (a.m.) University-bound bus. The query: "Should a male, comfortably ensconced in a bus seat, surrender his seat to a girl (beautiful or otherwise) if the said female would otherwise be forced to remain standing?"

The G.I.R. marches on.  
Bulletin Inquiring Reporter (on a bus man's holiday—subtle, what?): "Giving one's place to a lady seems to be an old Portuguese custom fast heading for the last round-up. Which is a pity. When a man remains planked in his seat while a woman stands, it must naturally have a destructive effect on his own pride of manhood. But, of course, in these times, if he offers her his place he runs the risk that she may faint. Or, worse still, she may thank him, causing his own knees to collapse."

Committee Representing Pembina (by phone): "He should, but does he? Despite the old 'equal rights' gag a girl appreciates such courtesies. Failure to do the right thing reflects, not on the male race as a whole, but on the particular person who remains seated while ladies stand. We have spoken."

Ronald Robinson, student: "Gotta cigarette? If he is a gentleman he should act like one. Gotta match? If he isn't a gentleman he should a-ct like one anyway. Gotta—hey, wait a minute."

Committee representing Athabasca and Assiniboia (also by phone): "Let them sit on the floor and dangle their feet over. You had better say, though, that there is a considerable faction here which would do what it considers the right thing by the ladies."

## BEAUTY HURTS SO

A Poem Depicting the Romance of Nature, or Something

Nothing like it. Anyway.

Nothing exactly. Like it.

Like mushing through. Snow.

And brush. (Not Fuller Brush.

But brush. Fuller snow. Heh.

Heh. Pun.) Down by the

River. Which holds tons.

Millions of cold. Tons of ice.

Probably. And it's night.

And in the empyrean. (Which.

For youse mugs. Is the oh.

So high. Heaven.) The evening

Promenade of Aurora Borealis.

And Luna. And Venus. And

Saturn. And them other.

Planets. And stars. And things.

Can be seen. If you rubber.

Neck. And then you hit.

Your shin on. A log. (Shin-dig.)

And fall on. Something. But

You can still. See stars. And

Things. Because. Nature is.

So provident.

Thank you.

—Hodnut Feature Syndicate.

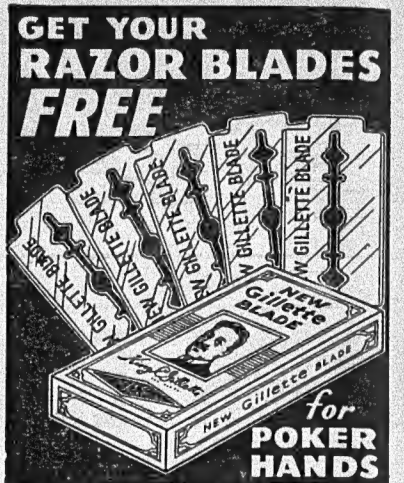
## LOCAL FORMED

On Feb. 26th, members of the School of Education class formed a local of the Alberta Teachers' Alliance. Officers elected were: President—Fred Watkin. Vice-Pres.—Larry Broughton. Sec.-Treas.—Ladimer Kostash.

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## A PASS TO PROSPERITY

By H. W. J.

Edgar L. G. Prochnik, Austrian envoy to the U.S., puts forward some interesting suggestions respecting the root troubles and underlying defects afflicting the capitalistic system. In addition to a diagnosis he suggests a remedy.

I have been forced to condense and put them in my own words. But here they are in substance.

Mr. Prochnik accuses Unemployment of being the chief ogre responsible for the present chaotic state of affairs. He inveighs in particular against abnormal unemployment in contrast to the kind which varies in intensity according to definite economic laws. This type is the result of "an ever-progressing mechanization and rationalization of our productive activities." Unless our system is adapted to meet the threat constituted by over-mechanization of industry, a large relief roll will be the result.

"Unemployment of a permanent nature undermines the social and economic structure," he states. "It destroys markets, lames business, and discourages enterprise."

Loss of public confidence, lowering of the standard of living as well as cultural values, the increase of public burdens and the debasing of public morals are other attendant evils.

In addition to these drawbacks is the unwelcome duty imposed on the working man of supporting the workless masses.

"This scourge on mankind must

be abolished without further delay and at all cost."

In turning to probable remedies, he dismisses peremptorily the scheme of constructing expensive public works and the establishment of rural settlements as being only palliatives whose cost far outruns their actual value in relieving distress.

In dismissing after some thought the idea of cutting down on the amount of machinery used in factories, he arrives at the logical conclusion that in the faces of this ever-increasing tendency towards mechanization, our only hope is in an equal distribution of work among available hands; in other words, a gradual reduction of working hours.

Although, under this scheme, the prices of commodities would rise owing to increased costs of production, the ultimate consumer would be little or none the worse off, seeing that his taxation burdens would be lightened through the reduced government appropriations made for relief purposes. A steady market and sure employment are other features which will endear this plan to the consumer.

The period following the war with its over-mechanization of industry, together with its super-abundance of goods seeking in vain to pass the tariff barriers of foreign nations, and finally turned back on a home market, shrunk from the effects of unemployment, is cited as a glaring example of a cancerous condition in our system arising from over-production.

"Every man out of work is a consumer lost," he states lucidly, and goes on to prove that business losses roughly 7½ billions of dollars annually through unearned wages.

Provided with generous wages, the laboring classes will be able to do their share in bearing the burdens of taxation, and hence working capital of the well-to-do will be freed for investment purposes.

A logical outcome of the idea outlined above is the shortening of the working day. Mr. Prochnik recommends a six-hour day with fair living wages for a start and a gradual reduction in the number of hours as increased output, due to increasing mechanization, warrants.

To disperse a last remaining doubt, he makes the following provision:

"Of course, at the outset of this transition into a regime of reduced hours, industrial and other enterprises will need financial assistance to tide them over until returns come in, until the benefit of the change will be reaped."

"Credits advanced at a time when consumption is improving because millions of potential consumers are going back to work are an investment, while credit extended to producers with no markets in sight is a mere waste, and is apt to create situations where it will become imperative to burden the taxpayers with the losses, the taxpayers being the very same people who were hit by those business reverses, and are themselves in need of financial help."

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## "ALIEN CORN"—A CRITIQUE

By E. S. Keeping

In spite of Keats' famous ode, there is no suggestion in the Book of Ruth that the Moabites felt at all homesick. Se said in fact to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," and she used all her feminine arts with great success to persuade Boaz the Israelite to marry her. But there is no doubt at all in this play that Elsa Brandt and her father Ottokar are homesick for Vienna. They say so, several times, and the old man, besides uttering "Ach Wien" at intervals, draws a touching picture of a Viennese home that shows clearly that he is not thinking of the Karl Marx apartment house. His Vienna is the old picturesque glamorous Vienna of romance, of beauty, above all of music—and music, both to him and to Elsa, is the very breath of life. Elsa feels that she is cut out for a concert pianist, and the prospect of spending the best years of her life teaching the Rachmaninoff Prelude to the students of a Middle West women's college is too appalling to contemplate, even with the inducement of \$1,800 a year. The play deals with the alternation of Elsa's hopes and fears within a single week (the mid-term holiday) as first one and then another avenue of escape opens out and closes again, and as she balances the prospect of security with slavery against freedom with starvation.

The general impression left on my mind by "Alien Corn" is that Conway College, in spite of installing a set of chimneys to imitate Oxford, did not succeed in importing at the same time an atmosphere of dreaming spires and academic calm. In fact, it was an excessively noisy play: people were rushing about, shouting, screaming, hammering or playing the piano most of the time, so that even when Julian shot himself it seemed only one more noise, a bit louder than the others. Some of this may have been due to the director's desire to keep up the tempo and prevent the play from dragging, but the effect was to make parts of it almost unintelligible. Even from the front of the audience it was very difficult to hear what was said after the shooting, and many people must have gone away slightly bewildered, wondering what was supposed to happen finally to Elsa and whether she was ever going to get to Vienna after all. This was not very clear even from the text itself, and perhaps one ought not to expect a tidy ending when in real life the future is so uncertain. Still, the average playgoer does like to see things settled one way or the other, so that he knows whether to laugh or cry.

The setting of the play is the living room of a small house on the campus, with parts of the hall and the dining room visible at the back through arches. One should not criticize too harshly the details of a stage set which has to be improvised out of a very limited budget, but it must be said that the Barresque atmosphere suggested by Prof. Skeats' name for the place, "The Wendy house," was certainly not created. The drapes at the back were too funereal, the furniture too scat-tered, and the whole place too untidy for that. The set looked its best in the evening light of the third act.

Sara Yampolsky did a good piece of work as Elsa. She carried the play, she was excitable and temperamental as any artist could be, and she always enunciated clearly. Whether she succeeded at the same time in

being as supremely feminine as the play suggests, with all the young men round the place falling for her and herself captivated by the handsome and wealthy Harry Conway, is more doubtful. Mr. Ross as Conway was graceful but ineffectual, and the love scenes between him and Elsa were not very convincing. Bert Ramelson did remarkably well as Ottokar Brandt, old and crippled, living with his memories of the past, consumed with a passionate contempt for America and American musical talent, and centering all his hopes in the daughter he has taught to play so well. Eric Johnson as the neurotic English instructor, Dr. Julian Entwistle, had a part which suited him down to the ground, and he made the most of it. Some of us on the staff here, with finals looming ahead, watched with envy the summary way Julian disposed of examination answer books, but if his way involves shooting oneself as well we shall probably turn in our grades to the office in accordance with the good old humdrum routine.

Of the other members of the cast there is little to be said beyond general appreciation of their performance. Most of them have had previous experience on the stage and carried out their roles quite competently. Alan Macdonald as Phipps and Clifton Elson as Prof. Skeats were perhaps the best. They all seemed to wander in and out of the Brandts' house as freely as if they all boarded there, and one could not help thinking that the Brandts enjoyed precious little privacy. There wasn't even a room in which Elsa and Harry could make love without being overheard, and if there had been Harry would have spoilt it by a habit both he and his wife had of bringing the chauffeur inside and standing him right in the doorway. The chauffeur, by the way, received a special ovation, presumably for the polish on his gaiters and the resplendent officer's tunic and Sam Browne belt in which he was dressed.

The play is an interesting one, with a real idea behind it and some good characterization, and as such is in a different class from the slight and amusing "See Naples and Die" which was presented last year. It did not, however, succeed in holding the audience to anything like the same extent, and it cannot be included among the University Dramatic Society's most successful productions. On Friday night, so I am told, the orchestra absent-mindedly played "God Save the King" after the second act, and in fact they might very well have thought the play was over. It was quite clear at that point that if Elsa was going to get away at all it would have to be by her own unaided efforts, and the third act did little more towards bringing this out. It brought a spectacular climax, it is true, to Elsa's personal relationships with her lovers, but the play had throughout insisted so strongly on her devotion to her art that one felt all the other side of her to be incidental. There seemed to me something a little unsatisfactory about the construction of the play, but this of course is no reflection on the work of the producer. Mr. Cairns did very well with the resources at his disposal, and the play was certainly well worth putting on. In spite of anything I may have said above, and it is always easy to find faults with an amateur production, I have no feeling that my Saturday evening was wasted.

## "CUISINE TRES SOIGNEE"

French cooking has a reputation. Ask the average man what he thinks of France, and he will lick his lips. He may talk of art, architecture, the Stavinsky affair, gloire, the barber who won the million-franc lottery and treated all the demoiselles of his home town to permanent permanent waves, Corneille, or the machinations of "le bel Adolphe" Hitler; but his mind will be on food, French coffee, French pastry, French omelettes, truffles and turnips a la francais, wine and oysters au naturel, biscuits and fi-stik.

Yes, there is no doubt French cooking has a reputation; and, in my opinion, after a residence of six weeks in the lower Pyrenees, it is time the reputation was tossed about a bit. To a hungry man a French menu, once he is sufficiently skilled in deciphering very garish statements of very plain facts, is a hollow mockery. Whether during the course of the hour and a half that is usually required to serve it a full man-sized, adequately calorific meal is brought to the table, I have never been able to find out or decide. All I do know is that by the time one has finished the last course one is quite ready to begin on the first again.

It is not entirely outside of the bounds of probability that a good large meal is served; if it came all together, and could be consumed forthwith, without the intervals filled with the tremendous manual labor that talking in French requires, it might be satisfying; but it never does come all together, never. Soup first, or bread and paste, or bread and summer sausage (some French towns in the south are quite famous, say the guide-books, for their sausages, and for examples of fame gone astray I commend you to them), or bread and sardines.

Sardines are tempting, even on paper, and it would be a pity not to have a digression on them. In France they always come at the beginning of the meal, either with bread-and or among the hors d'oeuvres (which, by the way, have no place in the ordinary French hotel or family meal such as I am attempting to describe); in England, on the other hand, they come at the end, somewhat dried and shrivelled, laid on a piece of toast cut to fit, and called a savoury. In

France they are always served au naturel, or at least au can. In both countries, too, and more especially in England, if you buy a can of sardines in a store, the salesman invariably refers to their age. Why I don't know, but apparently the value of a can of sardines goes up tremendously with its age, and in the eyes of the connoisseur the humble sardine has a place in the same category as cheese and wine. Personally, I would have thought it all the other way around, and if entrusted with the secret of a can of sardines' mounting age, I would have tried to guard it as closely as a spinster's. But one never shows one's ignorance before an English clerk, and it is too much like work to discuss such things with a Frenchman. Hence I am ignorant still: perhaps, after all, it is the age of each and every individual sardine that comes so easily from the mouths of these salesmen. What machines these automatic sardine-packers must be, not only to get the things in as they do, but also to sort out age from age, pariah from weanling, sardines in the prime of life from sardines still wondering why the water is wet! However—

Second comes a dish. What is in it is often a matter of mystery, to which the menu seldom suggests any solution, even to the initiate. It is good; it is esoteric to the art; it is tasty; and there is never enough of it. And it, invariably, is what one thinks of with longing as French cooking when one returns to the unvarnished mutton, cabbage and potatoes of homely England.

But the French also have a partiality towards mutton, usually disguised under the name of "agneau" (and again the question of age arises). It comes in the third spasm of the meal, about half an hour after the sardine has gone to its last home. Or if it doesn't come, roast beef does, or chicken, or pork (rare, and in France always undesirable, dry of texture and great in years), or ham ("jambou," not to be confused with jam), or goulash, whatever that may be. Gravy from some constant and never-failing source usually accompanies these delicacies, and possibly a single potato, or a few white

(Continued on Page Four)

## POT POURRI

A Purr-civil Reply For a Calico Cat, Treatment For An Alien Corn, and a Gentle Razzberry For Atheists Militant and Otherwise.

By Percival Hodnut

As a rule, we have received fitting respect in the column hight "The Calico Cat." A recent and unfitting relapse from that respect has come to our attention; F.M.J. has remarked in true feline fashion that Percival Hodnut is sentimental, implying a fondness for lavender and old lace, Dove's Holiday perfume, and the Clinging Vine—in short, of being a Sir Galahad in search of a Wholly Frail.

Not at all. The Hodnuts have ever been appreciative of sentiment, deprecative of sentimentality. We have been misunderstood.

The Barber-ous Theatre

Resting luxuriously if not gracefully in a barber's chair belonging to a well-known overtown beauty emporium, the director of "Alien Corn" recently asked us to give his Dramatic Society presentation a line or two of honest criticism in this column. Mr. Cairns probably realized that we would do so in any case, and merely sought to soften our language. We would prefer to think he was complimenting us by his request, if it were not for his omission of free seats.

As a play, "Alien Corn" didn't impress us as strikingly original. Nor were we pleased with the resemblance of the inertia of the first act to that of a super-super circus parade during the getting-under-way manoeuvres. We found little fault with the way in which the actors handled their respective parts, however—more, we felt that in the aggregate the acting was superior to that in the majority of the Spring Plays we have seen (more than one, Cynic). This feature is usually indicative of good direction as well as of individual and collective dramatic ability.

Defective the Matter Is—

We were pleased by Mr. Alan Macdonald's portrayal of Phipps, the editor, but were dissatisfied with Sidney Howard's outline of the character. Must we always have the blasé, gintoting, city slicker, Lee Tracy type of newspaper man? It isn't so bad to have a reporter of this type, but when the characterization is "promoted" to an editor it's time for rebellion.

The amount of noise over which one was sometimes required to follow the plot's progress peevd us occasionally. In this we are not referring too critically to crises which seemed to call for whoopee or hysterics (and, for teachers, the gang were rowdy at times), but to sounds which should have been incidental in comparatively calm scenes. Our loss of the thread was more often caused by such interruptions than by lack of proper articulation or voice level on the stage.

By the way—even in a girls' college, is it usual to allow a baby grand piano to be tuned with telephone linesman's pliers? We deplore abuse of good books, good dogs, good machinery, and almost any kind of women, in that order.

Seriously, the Spring Play was deserving of decent houses. It's a shame it didn't get them.

The Atheist's Mess

We have always (or almost always) considered an atheist to be Ye Compleat Ass. It may be unfortunate that our category now includes a Gateway contributor, but the fault is none of ours.

Ordinarily at least, the term atheist is applicable to "one who does not believe in a Deity." In particular cases as well as in general, this definition suggests the conclusion that

the atheist knows there is no Deity. If he did not have this knowledge, he would of course be absurd in claiming to be an atheist, for the reason that lack of definite knowledge positive or negative leads, if one is not a theist, to agnosticism, not to atheism. Agnosticism is intelligent (we hope) doubt as distinguished from the atheist's unintelligent certainty.

We Are In-Credo-ble

Mr. Fraser Macdonald's "Credo" was illogical throughout, and served only to reveal that he is not the atheist he claimed to be, but (consciously and intelligently or otherwise) a theist or an agnostic—we think, the former. His philosophy is, in expression at least, that of a half-baked sophomore, half-steeped in Philosophy 2, rather than of a graduating senior. What he has not gained at the University is but a weak reflection on the professors from whom he asked so much—they aren't obviously wholly to blame. We had better things in view for F. P. Mac. It isn't too late for him to get them, we hope.

Something tells us that we've been critical enough for one short week.

## NOTICE

A meeting of the School of Education Society will be held on Friday, March 16, at 3:30 p.m., in Room 104 St. Joseph's College. Mr. Don Cameron, of the Department of Extension, will speak on "The Danish School System and the Scandinavian Folk High Schools." Visitors will be welcomed.

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"This scourge on mankind must

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FRIDAY

March 16th



# RINK FEE PLEBISCITE WITH STUDENTS' UNION ELECTIONS

## JACK McINTOSH

The sound judgment, foresight and ability of Jack McIntosh is more than evidenced by the manner in which he has represented the Faculty of Arts on the Council this year, and by the manner in which he has represented the student body on the Committee on Student Affairs.

As member of the Sophomore Class Executive he rendered valuable services to his class. In the field of dramatics, in addition to taking an active part in the actual productions, both this year and last, he has performed well the onerous duties of Treasurer of the Dramatic Society.

His being also a member of The Gateway advertising staff would further indicate that his interests are not all along one line. Quite on the contrary, he seems willing and able to adapt himself to almost anything to which he wishes to put his hand. This indeed is a valuable requisite for one in the position of Secretary of the Union.

Versatile, and of a cheery nature, he has, in his two years at Varsity, proved himself to be one of the best, and has earned for himself the esteem of his fellow students. A vote for McIntosh will insure the students of a man on the Council who will measure up to all the requirements of that august body. It would be hard to find a man possessing better qualifications for the position. McIntosh, if elected, will be one of the strongest members of next year's Council.

## JOHN WOZNOW

### FOR SECRETARY OF UNION

Known as "Johnny" to the majority of students, mainly through his athletic attainments, this candidate has the reputation for efficient and willing co-operation with the various executives and organizations with which he has to deal with. You, as students, have as your representative body the Students' Council. The personnel of the Council is made up of representatives of all major student organizations from the Athletic to the Literary, besides representatives of the various faculties, making on the whole, though of cosmopolitan abilities, a truly representative body. To co-operate with and perform the secretarial work for such a body, one whose versatility and willingness is known is recommended. Your vote for "Johnny" Woznow will be justified.

## INTERESTING PAPER READ WEDNESDAY

### "The Chemistry of Flower and Leaf Pigments"

The Chemistry Club met Wednesday, March 7, in Med 142. J. A. Bilton, the speaker, had chosen as his subject, "The Chemistry of Flower and Leaf Pigments." The speaker began by pointing out the difficulties of researches along this line due to the instability of the compounds. Flower pigments are broadly divided as those soluble in water and those not soluble. Those not soluble in water are the carotenoids. These are red, orange or yellow. The red

## SASKATCHEWAN WINS SWIM MEET

### THREE NEW RECORDS SET

The Green and White squad of aquatic stars Saturday night defeated Don Wilson's team by a total score of 75-44. The Green and Gold men gave Saskatchewan a close run, losing only by a score of 34-27; while the women lost to the tune of 41-17. The starring figure of the meet was Hugh Main, Sask., who amassed 10 points for his team, helped in their relay win, and set two new intercollegiate swim records for the 50 and 100 yards free style, covering the distance in 25 2-5 secs. and 59 2-5 secs., clipping 1-5 sec. from each. Miss D. Preston, also of Sask., cut off one second from the 100 yard record, doing it in 1 min. 15 sec. She also added 15 points to her team total.

Bob O'Brien headed the men's section with 11 points, gathering in one first and two seconds. Phyllis Haslam, of the Husky squad, gathered in 21 points for U. of S., with three firsts and two seconds. Captain Don Wilson was victorious in the diving and contributed 9 points to his team total.

#### Men's Results

50-yard free style—1, Main (Saskatchewan); 2, Wilson (Alberta); 3, Garvie (Saskatchewan); time, 25 2-5 seconds (new record).

50-yard breast—1, O'Brien (Alberta); 2, Sheuermann (Saskatchewan); 3, McDonald (Alberta); time, 34 seconds.

100-yard free style—1, Main (Saskatchewan); 2, Garvie (Saskatchewan); 3, Wilson (Alberta); time, 59 2-5 seconds (new record).

Diving—1, Wilson (Alberta); 2, O'Brien (Alberta); 3, Willis (Saskatchewan).

200-yard free style—1, Holmes (Saskatchewan); 2, R. Keith (Alberta); 3, Willis (Saskatchewan); time, 2:22 minutes.

100-yard backstroke—1, Byers (Saskatchewan); 2, O'Brien (Alberta); time, 1:18 2-5 minutes.

Relay—University of Saskatchewan (Willis, Holmes, Garvie, Main).

#### Women's Results

100-yard free style—1, Preston (Saskatchewan); 2, Haslam (Saskatchewan); 3, Fox (Alberta); time, 1:15 minutes (new record).

50-yard backstroke—1, Haslam (Saskatchewan); 2, Jonsson (Saskatchewan); 3, Barnett (Alberta); time, 38 2-5 seconds.

Style swim—1, Haslam (Saskatchewan); 2, Swallow (Alberta); 3, Fox (Alberta).

50-yard free style—1, Preston (Saskatchewan); 2, Haslam (Saskatchewan); 3, Barnett (Alberta); Fox (Alberta); tied; time 32 2-5 seconds.

50-yard breast—1, Haslam (Saskatchewan); 2, Barnett (Alberta); 3, Jonsson (Saskatchewan); time, 37

color of carrots is due to carotene. An isomer of carotene causes the red color of tomatoes. Carotene is closely related to vitamin A.

The water soluble group contains the flavones, xanthones and anthocyanins. Anthocyanins occur combined with various sugars; the compounds so formed are known as anthocyanins. The anthocyanins are responsible for most of the colors of flowers. There are relatively few basic compounds, from which are produced all the beautiful tints and shades of various flowers. The position of the carbohydrate group, the nature of the cell sap, and the pH of the sap account in part for these many colors. This fact was illustrated in a very striking manner by the lecturer. The colors of various flowers and of grape juice were changed several times by applying acid and alkali. The reason for the colors of autumn leaves was then explained.

A short but interested discussion followed the paper, showing the keen interest of the audience in this seemingly mysterious field.

## A Printing Service

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## SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

The Council's proposal to levy a fee of one dollar for rink maintenance leaves us no alternative but to pass it. If we do not we may have to face the odium of having a fee levied to take care of a deficit whether we like it or not.

If the latter is the case we will not have the advantages of lowered skating fees and increased hours on the ice promised us with the fee, in the meantime.

The Council has investigated every angle of the situation through its investigation commission, and no other feasible arrangement can be made. The one dollar fee will be cheap at the price.

Congratulations are due to Fraser Mitchell, the new men's singles badminton champion of the province. Badminton is reaching the status of a major sport.

The Swimming Club lost the intercollegiate championship to Saskatchewan last week, and the blame can be placed on the poor facilities for swimming practices. A swimming pool is certainly forthcoming, but unless outside aid is advanced the chances of getting one are slim.

## HOCKEY STAR WILL BECOME BENEDICT

### "Sissy" Boles Blushingly Admits Approaching Nuptials

Members of sporting and social circles at the University will be pleased to hear of Horace, "Sissy," Boles' latest stunt. He is about to go off the deep end.

Our enterprising Gateway reporter found "Sissy" in a talkative mood in the Tuck Shop the other day. Having heard rumors of Mr. Boles' engagement, the reporter asked him for a statement.

"Well," said "Sissy," "you can tell the folks that I am about to take the step." He further blushingly admitted with furtive eye, that "the girl is Minnie Kerplunk, prominent Podunk socialite, and daughter of old Doc Kerplunk, who owns the leading livery stable in Podunk." "Yes," he further admitted, "I shall now travel in double harness. Minnie is a fine trotting partner. This single life is no good."

Mr. Boles is not sure when the wedding will occur, but stated that it will probably be next summer.

Mr. Pete Gordon, of hockey and orchestra fame, will be the best man, and his girl friend, Olga Schmeltz, will stand up with Minnie.

Congratulations are in order, and may we be the first to extend them.

2-5 seconds. Diving—1, Preston (Saskatchewan); 2, Barnett (Alberta); 3, Potter (Saskatchewan).

Relay—University of Alberta (Fox, Swallow, Freeman, Barnett).

MR. ROGER COUGHLAN, B.A.



### THE MAN BEHIND THE SCENES

Gradually developing for the past three years, radio debating has been this winter instituted on a nationwide scale. For the first time in history intercollegiate competitions have been contested over the air.

To the University of Alberta, and especially to Mr. Coughlan, must go the credit for initiating and bringing the idea to reality. Roger for the past three years has given his untiring aid to this work. His efforts were rewarded this year when the Canadian Radio Commission granted time on their program for inter-university debating. Intercollegiate competitions were held in each of the eastern and western divisions, in which the universities of Canada have been organized. On February 27th the University of Manitoba, winners in the west, were defeated in a debate with Laval University in the east, for the Dominion championship.

Controlling and managing the western division, Mr. Coughlan is to be credited for working out practically the nation-wide scheme. This entails tremendous work, including the selection of topics, preparing the outline to be followed, selecting suitable debaters and other detailed work. He is to be congratulated for selecting subjects of wide national and international interest, which have been both entertaining and instructive. In addition to the inter-university debates, Roger has organized and managed monthly student debates over CKUA and the Alberta network.

Mr. Coughlan is very enthusiastic about future development, and even suggests the possibility of international debates. If he can afford to give as much time and energy as he has done in the past, we may look forward to their realization.

## THE LAST PLAY OF THE BRITISH GUILD

"That Ferguson Family," by Howard Chenery, is the last hilarious comedy to be presented by the British Guild Players before they leave Edmonton. It is a comedy of home life, and the theme is how a well-meaning but managing mother can make a home intolerable for the rest of the family.

We have seen Gaby Fay as a siren, as a charwoman, and as a flirt. Now we see her as a shrewish wife and domineering mother, the matriarch of the home. To play the part of a virago and yet to keep our sympathy is a difficult task. She drives her husband to distraction with her nagging at her children to "find happiness in their own way." All the strings of the family are tied to Mrs. Ferguson, and nothing is right unless done her way. We first see her in a tirade because her eldest daughter, Laura, has eloped, and her husband, a quiet, peace-loving gentleman, suffers in consequence. Her persistent, "I told you so," and "That isn't the point," invoke gales of laughter from the audience. She laments the fact that the younger generation is so flighty, and claims that there are more fools born now than there used to be. "Laura has eloped, Janie (her other daughter) thinks of nothing but clothes to attract this awful Rupert Striker, an Jo (her son) is paying far too much attention to Mary Fleming. They are all too young to think of getting married." She does not forget that even she was once young and romantic, but with venom she tells her husband she does not want her children to make the same mistake she did.

James E. Mills is most amusing as Rupert Striker, Janie's lover, a boasting, back-slapping young man who can't be downed even by Mrs. Ferguson. Her well-meant but persistent tongue-lashing precipitates the elopement of her two younger children. She sees nothing but trouble ahead for everyone, but to her surprise realizes at last that her children can stand on their own feet, and no longer need her guidance—that it was

## "CUISINE TROIS SOIGNEE"

(Continued from Page Three)

beans, or a salad consisting only of a bitter sort of white lettuce.

But the vegetables proper do not come till the fourth course, which they constitute. Cabbage, carrots, beans, turnips, spinach, lentils, or peas, in a dish all by themselves, cut off from the meat preceding by a five-minute period and from the cheese following by three minutes—such is the legume course. All are usually much disguised; turnips in particular, which go by the name of "navets" (which, in the opinion of a Frenchman of my acquaintance, is not nearly so "aesthetic" a name as "turnips"), rising from a white sauce which is made by mixing together equal amounts of flour, water, parsley and imagination, are always liable to be mistaken for potatoes, till opened.

The fifth course is bread and cheese. It is often the best part of the meal, often the worst. French cheeses range all the way from the delicious petit suisse, served with sugar, to the up-guards-and-at-em types of gorgonzola, with as many local varieties as there are localities in France. Gruyere is both pleasant and interesting, but Camembert is apt to be a bit dull.

The last course is fruit or something similar, and as it is usually innocent of the kitchen, nothing need be said of it.

There it is, a full French meal, complete in all details but the constant supply of insipid red wine and delicious airy white bread; and before you take the next cattle-boat to France, think it over. What would you do if after a surfeit of the eloquent pretenses of a French menu you were told by your landlady that you were going to be served a special English meal, complete with bacon and eggs, and were then introduced first to a sardine, second to a pair of friend eggs, greasy and pepperless, and thirdly to a lonely plate of cold ham decorated with a white lettuce leaf? Self-expression in French being really a matter of too great physical labor to undertake on a nearly empty stomach, would you not feel tempted to sit down and write to The Gateway about it?

## New Maintenance Fee Proposed for Rink

If Proposal Passed, Increased Facilities and Lower Fees Promised to Students—Rink Improvements Suggested

With the rink paid for and the old rink construction fee abolished, next Wednesday the Students' Council will submit a proposition to the Union electorate upon which will hinge the ultimate fate of the student-controlled rink.

The Council proposes that each student be assessed one dollar at the beginning of each term. This fee is to be used to maintain

and improve the rink, make it possible for the students to enjoy more privileges on their own property, and to start a fund to be utilized in rebuilding the rink when that step is necessary.

Maintenance costs are a fluctuating quantity, and may in some years be met by incomes, but the rink has and will face deficits, and when these occur some fund will be necessary to meet them. Proposed improvements are to move the west wall to increase the length of the ice surface some twenty feet, and the seating capacity by putting bleacher seats across the west end of the rink.

If the proposal goes through it will no longer be necessary for the rink to cater to overtown hockey clubs and skaters, as the difference in the charges levied on overtowners and those levied on campus organizations will be met by the new fee. Interfaculty squads will be able to get the rink when it is more convenient rather than wait for city hockey clubs to use up the time with their practices. Skating tickets for the season will be cut in half, and other fees will be reduced.

The proposal that skating be made free to Varsity students was thought inadvisable in view of the fact that many students, particularly those living overtown, either do not skate or do not live conveniently close to the rink. It was considered fair to these students that expense should be evenly distributed among users and non-users.

It is doubtful if the senior league will use the rink next year, and if not the rink will lose one of its chief sources of income in former years. At the same time students will have that much more time on the ice at their disposal.

her lack of understanding and not the wilfulness of the others that made all the trouble in the home.

The players are all very much at ease in their parts, and although the plot is banal, the action is swift and the scenes entertaining. We are fortunate to have the British Guild Players in Edmonton, even for so short a time.

## VARSITY SKI CLUB

The final meeting of the Varsity Ski Club was held on Thursday. Thanks to Gordon Wynn, last year's president, the Ski Club this year was a success in spite of the unfavorable weather conditions. We would like to extend a vote of thanks to those members who entertained the club at their homes after the ski hikes.

The officers for the session 1934-35 will be:

President: Theo Cairns.  
Vice-President: Lois Hammond.  
Secretary-treasurer: Don Menzies.  
Executive: Joan Tripp, Gordon Wilson (hill captain), Ralph McGibbon (cross-country captain).

Discussion as to the advisability of joining the Students' Union and other plans were laid out for hikes, dances, runs and jumps. We are expecting a big year for 1935, with the full co-operation of the students and the weather-man.

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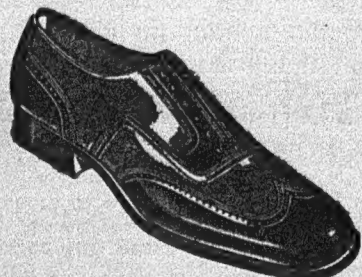
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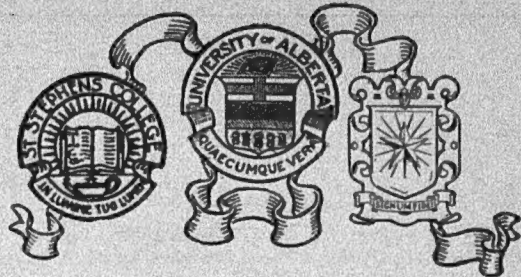
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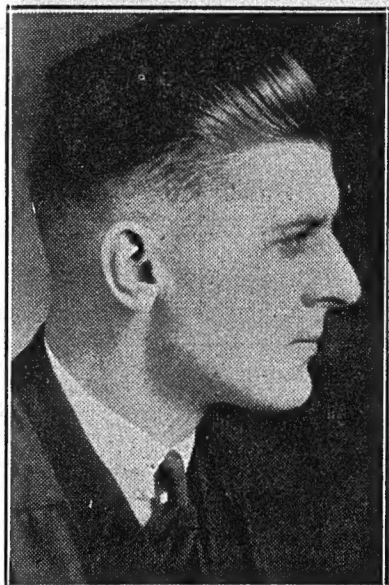
VOL. XXIV, No. 24.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1934

SIX PAGES

## "JOURNEY'S END" -- ZERO HOUR -- 8:15 P.M. TONIGHT

I take this opportunity to thank the student body for its expression of confidence in electing me to the Presidency of the Students' Union.



The year which confronts us is not without its problems in student government. Great as has been the success of the past administration, and constructive as has been its labors, there remains yet undoubtedly a great deal to be done.

The very perfection and efficiency of our student government appears to contribute to its chief weakness, namely, a tendency toward disinterestedness in the student body at large. It is this weakness which must be eliminated. To encourage student enterprise, to expand student activities in every possible manner consistent with economy, and above all to foster a general interest

and desire to participate in those activities—these constitute the essential problems of the coming year.

The new Council, in undertaking its duties, looks to every student on the campus for his active support and co-operation, and urges him to contribute his share to the success of our student organizations.

ARTHUR D. BIERWAGEN.

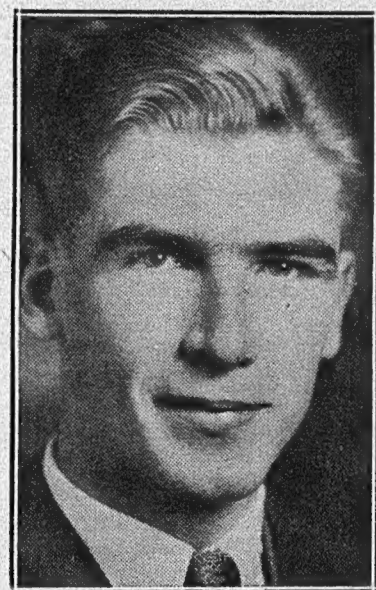
### GRADUATES AND STUDENTS PRODUCE "JOURNEY'S END"

Tonight in Convocation Hall, "Journey's End" will be presented by a cast of students and graduates. It is a new experiment in the field of dramatics, and it promises to be an outstanding success. In recent years the Dramatic Society has found it impossible to make use of the Alumni or Faculty within its plays because of the "closed" nature of the society. In the casting of "Journey's End," students were given a preference, but where parts could be filled more satisfactorily by graduates they were approached with a request for their co-operation. The request received affirmative replies in three outstanding instances. Mr. Emrys Jones accepted the heavy task of direction and also the part of Mason, the batman, in the cast. Mr. John Rule accepted the part of Lieutenant Trotter, and he portrays in his own inimitable way the part of that comic, good-natured, very fat, Cockney Second-Lieutenant. Finally there was Mr. Louis Hyndman, who had sworn an oath never to take part in amateur dramatics again, who was persuaded at rather short notice to take the part of the officious Colonel from Headquarters. Many followers of Dramat will no doubt remember Mr. Hyndman's fine performance as the escaped convict in the Little Theatre's production of Galsworthy's "Escape." Such, in short, is the valuable assistance tendered to the cast of "Journey's End" by the Alumni members

that its success is almost a foregone conclusion. The students in the cast do not need any introduction in a student newspaper. Both Chris Jackson, Fraser Macdonald and Ken Ives are well known in dramatic circles. But the casting committee feel that they have made one genuine discovery in the person of Ken Woodford, who is playing Lieutenant Raleigh, the young English schoolboy who suddenly finds himself in the front line. Although new to the University stage, he is threatening to steal the show from his more experienced fellow-actors. But before leaving the subject of the cast, mention must be made of Tony Whiteside, the happy-go-lucky captain, and Bill King, the perfect sergeant-major. Brummy Aiello plays the part of the captured German prisoner.

The dug-out set as designed and executed by Stan Landymore and lighted by Ralph Lee, promises to be one of the best sets seen in Convocation Hall for some years. It will be remembered that Stan Landymore designed the set for last year's Spring Play, "See Naples and Die," and that Ralph Lee was in charge of lights and noises-off. The noises-off of "See Naples and Die" were extremely effective—many people will no doubt be able to recall the realistic motor accident. Their success last year augurs well for the effectiveness of the Landymore-Lee combination that will be at work tonight behind the scenes of "Journey's End."

President Hugh Arnold is bringing to a successful conclusion one of the most active years in the history of the Students' Union. The session 1933-34 has seen the Rink



paid for and provision made for the future. Every branch of student activities has been extended to a province-wide scope, and definite effort has been made to raise the prestige of the University in its extra-curricular life. A Constitution Enforcement Committee has been set up to give needed authority to the measures of the Council, and should prove of invaluable assistance to next year's President.

As this legislation bears the stamp of his wisdom, so the mutual understanding and hearty co-operation between the Faculty and the Students' Council bears the mark of his tact and good fellowship. Difficulties faced the highest testimonials to his ability.

In leaving student politics, Hugh Arnold leaves a place that will be hard to fill. Since he came to the University four years ago he has given of his best to the service of the students, he has been repaid with the highest office that is in their power to give, and he has filled it well. We wish him every success.

### Philharmonic Male Chorus Present University Songs

#### LARGE STUDENT ATTENDANCE

Student Body Given Opportunity to Register Approval of Songs Selected by Committee—Final Choice to be Made Later

On Thursday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock the Philharmonic Male Chorus gave a presentation of three of the University songs. At 4:30 students began to rapidly fill up the seats, and soon the attendants had to fill up the back of the hall with more seats. Not for a long time has there been such a large student attendance—even Taurus was there, displaying his red tie.

Everyone was given a copy of the songs, and for a while the fever ran high. Nobody could agree which was the best, and some thought they were all equally bad. However, opinions were to be rapidly changed.

The songs were presented by the Philharmonic Male Chorus. This chorus includes Arthur Davidson, Gordon Sprague, Dwight Powell, Mike Sereda, A. Hurlig, and Larry Broughton. The songs were well presented, and it was evident that the chorus had spent a great deal of time in preparation.

They first sang "Quaecumque Vera," which is as follows:

Honour the pioneer  
Who came of old,  
Whose memory year by year  
Our lives shall mould.  
Fruit of that noble tree,  
Our University.

Hail to Alberta Varsity!  
Mother of truth and loyalty!  
We'll love you through eternity.  
Dear old Alberta.

As fought the pioneers of old,  
We'll fight to shield the green and gold,  
Unto thy spirit ever hold,  
Here's a toast! Here's a song!  
Here's a cheer! Make it strong!  
For our dear old Alma Mater.

This song started rather slow, but both the second and third verses were full of spirit. The volume of applause which climaxed it indicated that it had met with favor.

Then they sang "The Alberta Cheer Song":

Ring out a cheer for our Alberta,  
A hymn of praise to Varsity.  
Ev'ry freshman, ev'ry sophomore,  
Stand up, and raise a cheer!  
Ev'ry junior, ev'ry senior,  
Shout lustily and clear!  
Her memories will live for ever,  
Beloved University.

We will fight for her and cheer,  
And keep her bright, and hold her dear,  
Our Alma Mater, U. of A.!

Whoop it up! Come on, you Aggie!  
Engineers! With trousers baggy!  
Meds and Dents! With saws and hammers!

Laws and Arts! With torts and grammars!  
Ring out a cheer, etc.

This also received the applause of the whole hall. Then they presented "Alberta U":

Alberta U. of name undying,  
Your banners rightly wave on high,  
True in heart, O Alma Mater,  
We pledge our loyalty;  
We have faith, great Alma Mater,  
In your supremacy.  
Alberta U., may wreaths of laurel,  
For glory honor you today;  
Halls of fame reflect your light,  
And fields acclaim the heroes' fight for Alma Mater, U. of A.

Green and gold! Quaecumque vera!  
Guide us through each coming Era;  
Guide us on through battle gory,  
For the right and greater glory.

Alberta U. of Northern splendor,  
Renowned for duty to ideal,  
We shall hold in grateful token to you  
sublimity, cherished memories  
unbroken through Times' Eternity.

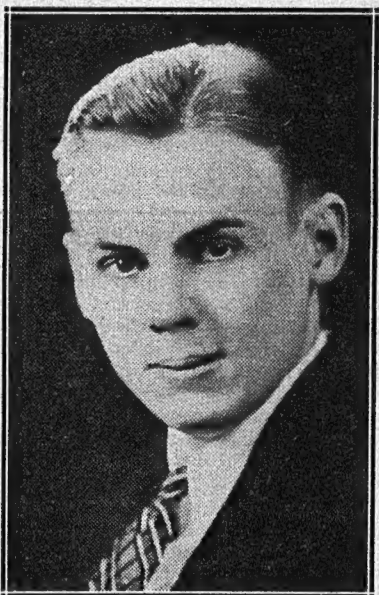
Alberta U. with honest praises,  
your men and maidens sing today;  
Halls of fame reflect your light  
and fields acclaim the heroes' fight for Alma Mater, U. of A.

(Continued on Page Six)



DON WILSON

Who has just been chosen President of Men's Athletics, has been prominent in athletics at the University for some time. He has played senior rugby and has been a leader on men's swimming teams. He has had wide experience in American athletics.



JACK TUCK

And still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry  
all he knew.

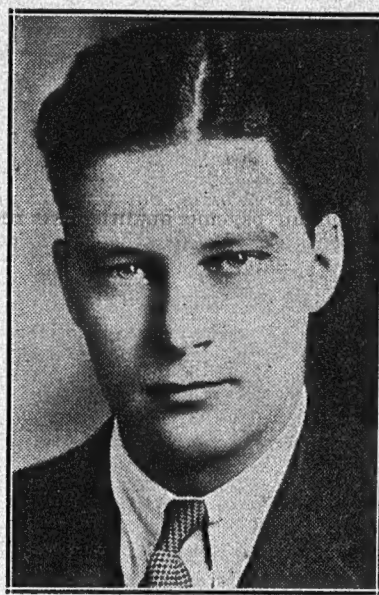
And when it comes to knowledge and experience concerning business, there is little lacking in Jack Tuck. His election by acclamation to the position of Treasurer of the Union shows the respect in which his business ability is held by his fellow students. He served as Business Manager of The Gateway for the last session. An outstanding success was made of last year's Handbook under his directorship.

### BROCKINGTON TO SPEAK AT PHILOSOPHY

Noted Calgarian Returns From Ottawa—Will Be Here in Two Weeks' Time

A real treat is in store for every student who attends the lecture to be given by Mr. Brockington in two weeks' time. The Philosophical Club adds much merit to their name in presenting to the student body this noted scholar and wit. Mr. Brockington has just returned from Ottawa, where his speeches were received with great popularity. Students wishing to attend this meeting are urged to come early, as Convocation Hall will be packed.

To those who have not joined the Philosophical Club this year, attention should be drawn to one great advantage received in being a member. From a few scattered members last year it has now gained a membership of six hundred, and the reputation of being the leading club of the University. Not only does one receive the advantage of hearing lectures on interesting topics from outstanding people, but may enter into lively discussion with lecturer and students. Those who are returning next year should not fail to become members of the Philosophical Club. The club wishes attention to be drawn to the fact that they are offering a prize for the best essay on any topic of a philosophical nature.



JACK MacINTOSH

First won distinction by being elected Arts Representative on the Council in his freshman year. Served the Dramatic Society as treasurer during the last season. He gave a notable performance in the Sophomore entry in the Interyear Play Competition this year. He was also elected to the Soph Executive this year. His duties as Secretary of the Union will be performed with a thorough background of useful experience.

### APPRECIATION

Whether due to the enervating effects of the late spring weather, amnesia induced by the proximity of examinations, or the appreciation of good vaudeville by those who witnessed the collapse of the literary candidates in Convocation, I should like to thank the assembled demos for their (or is it "its"? expression of something or other in granting me their confidence as spiritual patron of the coming year's Literary activities. They begin, be reminded, immediately. Debating and Dramatic elections are next week, so watch for notices and show your interest by giving careful consideration, and votes, to the candidates. Also nominations.

In the parlance of this gross commercial era, yours for a "Bigger and Better" year.

RALPH COLLINS.

### SONG RESULTS

#### SENIOR SPRING FORMAL

Quaecumque Vera	73
Alberta U.	14
Cheer Song	241

#### CONVOCATION, THURSDAY

Quaecumque Vera	65
Alberta U.	100
Cheer Song	124

### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

Mr. C. L. Gibbs, M.L.A., will speak on "Co-operation as a Social Principle," at the final meeting of this club, in Athabasca Lounge, Thursday, the 22nd, at 4:30. Election of officers for the coming year. Tea will be served. You are welcome.

### Senior Spring Formal Is Outstanding Success

Varsity Cheer Song Popular Choice in Preview of Song Contest

This year's midwinter dance put on by the Senior Class took unto itself a new name and a comparatively new convention. With all this, it was a tremendous success. The name assumed a new class and dignity by being called the Senior Spring Formal. The new convention adapted was that of no advance booking of dances. As we said before, it was a grand dance—everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The patronesses were Mrs. W. S. Walsh, Mrs. R. E. Wallace, Mrs. J. M. MacEachran, Mrs. N. M. Stover, and Mrs. J. MacDonald. Bowman's orchestra, in their usual fine manner, supplied the music, and the Varsity orchestra played during the second supper. As a feature entertainment three of the songs entered in the Varsity Song Competition were played and sung by the Philharmonic chorus as an extra dance. They were voted on, and the "Alberta Cheer Song" was decided to be the best by the majority.

The decorations were carried out on a Spring motif. This was done in deference to the name, not the weather. The University is always two months ahead of the times.

The seniors followed in the footsteps of the Household Economics Club this year, and did away with advance booking of dances. As to whether this was a success, one cannot definitely say. Different opinions on the question are heard from every side. Some are all in favor of the idea, others are all against it. We think that it is just a matter of getting used to it. Such an old and venerable institution as our University cannot break away from settled customs with two formal.

Congratulations should be extended to the Senior Class Executive,

which included this year, President Pat Kilkenny, Vice-President Jean Irving, Secretary Cameron Grant, and Gwen Nixon, Molly Buchanan, and Ted Bishop.

We liked the new name and the new customs. It is to be hoped that next year the formals will follow the same practices.

### ENGINEERS SOCIETY WILL MEET MONDAY

J. L. Pidoux to Give Paper On Railway Construction in the Peace River

The Engineering Students' Society at the University of Alberta will hold its next meeting on Monday, March 19, in Room 142 Arts, following "tea" in 111 Arts.

J. L. Pidoux, our vice-president, will present "Railroad Construction in the Peace River Block" as the fifth of the student papers entered in the E.S.S. student paper competition, which provides a prize of \$25.00 to the judged best paper. With all due apologies for abbreviating titles, the other four papers were "Geology in Southern Rhodesia," by D. Ross; "Dredging Operations," by W. Hallway; "The Monarch Mine," by G. Hamilton, and "The Trail Smelter," by L. Landucci. All the papers have shown excellent preparation and an appreciative knowledge of the topic.

The E.S.S., with "Pop-eye" Brownie as skipper, can look back, in a week or two, on one of its most successful years. In athletics, members of the E.S.S. truly distinguished themselves. Of the five Big Block awards, three went to Engineers. The senior rugby, hockey, basketball and track have seen members turn in record-breaking performances. In interfaculty athletics, the rugby and basketball championships are ours. Now, you red-blooded he-men (blushing pansies, I presume), there is no dog-gone reason why, with a little conscientious co-operation, you cannot bring back again with a few additional silverware you have won this year.

On the other hand, no one will deny the glowing success of the banquet—all hail Executive, bravo! And the smoker—"colossal," "stupendous"—yea, verily, look at it how you will, this year will go down on record as "Success." Oh, by the way, elections for next year's officers are to take place this coming week; but more of that on Monday. Don't forget to be there, and in my enthusiasm I almost said, "Lab or no lab"—but you might try it.



RALPH COLLINS

President-elect of the Literary Society, has been prominent in Dramat and Literary activities in past years. Distinguished as a debater, he is to be remembered above all as the secretary of the class executive that sponsored the Junior Prom, 1933-34.





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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## A FORECAST

## The Lessard-Bierwagen Commission

After months of intensive toil the Royal Commission, it is rumored, are about to emerge with a careful and laborious report. This commission was appointed to enquire into the expenditure of the Students' Union with a view of decreasing Union fees if at all possible. The report will be the culmination of intensive research, embodying the results of long drawn-out interviews and cross-examinations of everybody who has ever spent a nickel of the students' money. The committee have chosen the most appropriate of times to publish their report; all the students are much too busy with final examinations to pay any attention to such mundane things as fees, and even The Gateway isn't to be allowed the last word, for this is our last issue. Yet gossip has it that the committee will criticize itself, for there is to be a minority report. In fact, the committee is so far from unanimous that there may be two minority reports, but perhaps the dissenters may be reconciled and sum up their efforts in one document.

"Fees should be reduced," so the theme of the recalcitrants will run. "Too long has extravagance run rampant in the University, and this day demands retrenchment without curtailment." Peat and Repeat Lessard will undoubtedly draw our attention to the fact that the cost of everything else has dropped except Students' Union fees, and will lightly pass over the fact that so have gate receipts and monies from advertising. We feel justified in guaranteeing that the minority will advocate slashing fees by the sum of seventy-five cents, and instead of paying \$121 to the bursar next year, we will only have to put out \$120.25. A winter's toil for 75c.

The president-elect of the Students' Union will, of course, have a somewhat different story, but space prevents us from even summarizing the report of the majority. The troubles of next year's Council would only be increased if fees were to be reduced, and the Treasurer would have to make up a brand new budget instead of relying on the estimates of the last ten years.

Our pious hope is that the 75c will not be lopped off The Gateway estimates.

## THE NEW COUNCIL

We extend our heartiest congratulations to the new Council on their election, and our heartfelt sympathy to them in the task they have undertaken. They remind us of a bunch of happy picnickers off for the day in a model T Ford. They are going out to do big things with a cumbersome and antiquated piece of machinery. The Students' Council as a system of representative government is as unhandy as a baby carriage on a street car.

Almost every member of the Council has an axe to grind. They represent diametrically opposed factions, each striving quite naturally to secure a berth for his particular interest. It is no wonder that concerted action is difficult to secure, and debate runs rampant into the middle of the night. With a president and secretary of each major organization on the Council, there is always a seconder for every motion, and then the fun starts. One organization is afraid to vote against the other, because their own motion is coming up in a few minutes, and the faculty representatives have to present a united front to the axe-grinders' union.

Oh, it's nice to sit on the Council, but we don't envy any of them their job. However, they have ambition, they have a good executive, and let's hope they can make their unwieldy old bus get them there.

## THE OLD COUNCIL

From time to time we have said things about the Council, but this is our last chance. A review of their legislation must convince even the most sceptical of its wisdom. Economic considerations have guided them without stinting their services. No one could



IF YER KNOWS  
OF A BETTER 'OLE  
GO TO IT

"Come all yo' and be baptized," cried the chocolate evangelist.

"But Ah've been baptized by the Presbyterians," said Rastus.

"Lo'd," cried the Baptist minister, "yo' only been dry cleaned."

1884—Shall we join the ladies?

1934—Where the Hell's my woman?

## Coming Ohm

The electrician had arrived home at 3 a.m., and was sneaking upstairs when his wife greeted him thus: "Watt's the matter? Wire you insulate?"

## Beyond Hope

The girl who thinks the bear hug originated in a nudist colony.

The guy who believes that Einstein is one glass of beer.

The egg who is convinced that Mussolini is an exercise.

Johnny Poole—Gentlemen, we engineers must stick together.

Ted Barry—The feeling is mucilage!

## An Idea

An enterprising poultryman has crossed his hens with parrots to save time. He used to hunt around for eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say: "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

Voice over phone—Is Mike Howe there?

Bonn Smith (on phone duty)—What do you think this is, a stockyard?

## Wrong Label

"A spoonful of water contains 270,000 potential horsepower," says a scientist. That's not water.

In keeping with the current rage there comes the miniature cocktail. One drink and in a miniature out.

Jean McMurchy—"Mrs. Smith has wonderful poise, hasn't she?"

Munro Williamson—Yes, and a couple of good-looking daughters, too.

"Haven't you any ethics?"

"Naw, I traded it in for an Oldsmobile."

## We Did It

An elephant and a flea were once crossing a bridge together. Says the flea to the elephant when they were safely across: "We sure shook that one, didn't we, big boy?"

## THE SHANGHAI POPPY

## Chapter 9999

"He has no teeth," protested Deely. "Blah Kye told me so. He lost them all from Pyorrhea. I noticed a peculiar scent in the room at the time, but thought it was incense. Percy, maybe The Poppy has halitosis. If so, I fear me it will go hard with you to wrestle with him."

"Have no fear, angel," said Percy valiantly, though his facial muscles twitched ever so slightly. But hush! Methinks he approaches."

The Poppy entered even as Percy spoke. "Hah-a-a, my friends," he said, not unkindly. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting. I've been in conference. Ha ha-a-a."

Percy's eyes took on a stern look each. "You have us at your mercy, Wah Shing, better known as The Shanghai Poppy," he said tensely. "Do your worst, villain. But pray let the little woman go. She's done nothing—since she married me. Let me suffer—ah, yes—but let her return in safety to our children and my mother-in-law, who will never forgive me if aught harm come to dear Delirious. Pretty please—"

This is all because there ain't no more—the author got galloping consumption and is still in the jug.

One of our professors, invited to address a club meeting once, chose as his subject: "Need of education." It appears that the following day a Gateway headline reported, "Professor's Speech Shows Need of Education."

say that it has not been a highly successful year in athletics, dramatics and debating. More than anything, this Council has made changes—good changes, we believe. The introduction of an Enforcement Committee is a typical example.

The year has presented problems demanding serious consideration (and the appointment of investigation committees), prolonged and acrimonious debate has followed, but a settlement has invariably been reached, and more or less conclusive action taken.

We have had our differences of opinion, but they have been settled amicably, and for our part we congratulate the 1933-34 Council on its admirably conducted session.

graces are useful, but one of the best is to be able to yawn with your mouth closed.—U. of West Ontario Gazette.

## Hands Up!

One of the new freshman rules at Roanoke College provides that when a freshman speaks to a co-ed on the campus he must keep both hands well above his head.—McGill Daily.

A professor at Columbia University whose courses are only open to graduate students and high school teachers stated in his estimation adults behave as badly or worse than children when they are in the classroom.

An instructor in the sociology department at the "U" of Wisconsin passes out cigarettes during exams to make students more natural, be-

cause, he says, the course itself is such an inhuman one.

Harvard "U" owns enough football equipment to outfit 6,000 men.

We have just received a news report from Canton that a vigorous campaign is under way to diminish the high suicide rate. "Police," it says, "are ordered to observe passers-by closely for persons who appear to be in a dubious state of mind, and to do their utmost to prevent suicide. Just what was to be done was not specified."—The Varsity.

It has been proved at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that it is cheaper to be a blonde than a brunette or redhead. This report is based on poundage, blondes usually weighing several pounds less than their darker sisters.



March 13, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—In the last issue of The Gateway the writer of "Cuisine Tres Soignes" took exception to the leisurely way in which the French dine. The article recalled to my mind certain experiences in Athabasca dining hall. I wonder if the students have ever been able to improve upon the time records set up there some years ago. I am sure we did not give ourselves enough time to properly masticate the food we did manage to consume—but it was exciting. Our table tackled that meal with one definite aim in view of getting through it and clearing out before any other table in the hall. We swigged down hot soup and hot tea, we bolted food in the most alarming way. The individual at the end of our table kept an eagle eye on neighboring crews, and exhorted us to do our utmost. He led us to victory after victory.

Perhaps it was a reaction to such experiences that prejudiced me in favor of the French attitude. It was a relief to learn that one may dine in France with a feeling of relaxation, and I liked their habit of sipping drinks so leisurely. In the Latin quarter in Paris the students talk and joke for hours over a cup of coffee or a glass of wine or beer. In eating and drinking may become such an atmosphere of unhurried ease, eating and drinking may become a fine art to be enjoyed.

B. E. WALKER.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I surrender. My last shred of resistance is broken. I am utterly overcome by the yards and yards of tripe and the gallons and gallons of drivel those stolid block-heads, the editorial staff of The Gateway, have been dishing out to us during the past year. Now I propose to add my own few inches of tripe and drops of drivel to the general mess, and thus make The Gateway utterly and absolutely the World's Worst Weekly.

Long have I borne in suffering silence the mazy meanderings of The Hodnut, the prim purrings of the Calico Cat, the sleek sophistications of the Gingham Dog, the puerile patter of The Inquiring Reporter, the belligerent howlings of Taurus (may he rest in peace!), the imbecilic insouciances of Casserole (and by the way, Mr. Editor, a far better name for this agony columns would be Resurrection Pie). To say nothing of boring book-reviews and senseless Co-ed chatter, and similar atrocities. But it was the blasting eruption of one Volcano that has caused me to capitulate.

Now let us see, what is a volcano? A mountain with its head blown off—belching forth steam and hot air, to say nothing of a nasty smell—the connection seems obvious.

I have no intention of defending the W.C.T.U. or the I.O.D.E., or other institutions to which Mr. Volcano seems to object, but I resent his one-sided intolerant attitude. I am a tolerant bird; the only thing I can't tolerate is intolerance. (Try this on your harmonica.) The W.C.T.U. has undoubtedly done much good in helping incurable drunkards such as myself and Mr. Volcano would like to be. Despite the questionable use of that much-abused word "temperance," they are certainly sincere, and sincerity in any form is to be admired and respected, even though we disagree with the principles involved.

The same remarks holds true of the I.O.D.E. Some of us may be ardent Imperialists; others, like Mr. Volcano, seem to tend toward Republicanism, but why shouldn't we love and respect the King of our choice, and project his portrait on theatre screens along with our traditional flag? I think ours is a very beautiful flag, and one full of meaning; I should be sorry to see it replaced by another.

Mr. Volcano dismissed the debatable subject of birth-control in two contemptuous lines, but it is quite possible that many persons take the stand he deprecates. Ignorance of the use of contraceptives is not in itself desirable, but such knowledge without sufficient moral discipline may have harmful effects. Has it ever occurred to you that the widespread use of contraceptive methods of birth-control implies the destruction of the family system and the sanc-

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

With a light heart the G.I.R. went out to play inquiring reporter for the last time, forever and forever. "What, sir or madam, do you think of the reading matter served up to you by The Gateway staff in general and the I.R. in particular, during the past year?" The truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but, is faithfully recorded below.

**Kay Stockton, Arts student**—"The entire Gateway staff seems to have lost the old college spirit since last fall. It seems to me that there had been a great depreciation in value of contributed articles, while the humor and general tone of the paper has also suffered. Personally, I miss the subtlety, frankness and sarcasm of Taurus. H.W.J. no longer writes the interesting articles he used to. The Casserole Editor apparently has a very small scope of acquaintances as he uses the same names in every issue—this also applies to the "I Saw This Week" column. Yop, sir, at least get a variety of people if nothing else."

**"Duke" Ferguson, Pharmacy student**—"The Gateway seems all right to me. Why do these critics read it if they think it is so terrible?"

**Eleanor McNair, Arts student**—"Although this is the first year that I have had the pleasure of reading The Gateway, I think it is a fairly good paper. I will reserve opinion on your writings if you don't mind." (Not a bit.)

**Jack McAllister, Law student**—"The general trend of Mr. McAllister's statement was to the effect that the works of all Gateway feature writers and columnists, including the I.R., were very terrible indeed. "The rest of the paper is so so," he admitted.

tity of marriage? Whether such a destruction is desirable or not is beside the question.

Oh, for the grand old days when kindness, gentleness and romanticism (the much-despised constituents of modern "sentimentalism") made life worth living; the dear old days when Pansies were actually flowers. But, alas! them days is gone forever—at least, until the student of this our University have attained more maturity of judgment. Refrain, O ye hardened intellectuals, from plucking to pieces a poor, sentimental little sparrow, for he has already fallen crushed to the ground.

FAREWELL, CRUEL WORLD!

SPARROW.

## UNIVERSITY MUSICAL CLUB

The University Musical Club will meet for the last time this season on Sunday, March 18, at 3:30, in Athabasca Hall.

The program will be given mostly by University students. The following will take part: Miss Marion Cowell, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, and Mr. Ted Crosby, pianists; Mr. Rudolph Brey, violinist; Mrs. Stanley Smith, cellist; Miss Elizabeth Gerwin and Mr. Gordon Sprague, vocalists; Miss Eleanor Gerwin, Mr. Fred Crosby and Mr. L. H. Nichols, accompanists.

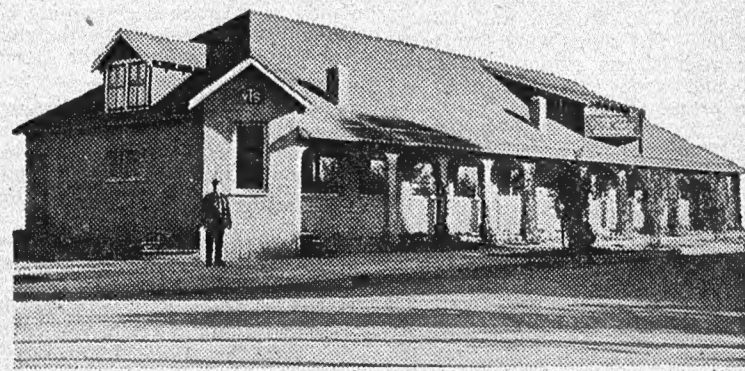
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Oh, the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is, in fact, only love turned the wrong way. At times they try to injure us, but only because they hope thereby to please some other man. When they write, they have one eye on the paper and the other on a man. This rule applies to all authoresses, with the exception of Countess Hahn-Hahn, who only has one eye.—Heine.

All kinds of social knowledge and



## CO-ED COLUMNS

## CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

With the finish of the Intercollegiate Swimming Meet, all athletic activities on the campus come to a finish for the current year.

Though our girls put up a good fight to the finish, the Saskatchewan swimming and diving champs, Phil Haslam and Dot Preston, garnered the first from every event, and made it a 41-17 victory.

For Alberta, Ev Barnett made the best showing, taking good seconds in the diving and breast strokes.

Betty Fox, from last year's team, garnered in several points for the U. of A. squad. Phyllis Mullen did some excellent stroking.

The Green and Gold relay team composed of Freeman, Fox, Barnett and Swallow, secured an early lead, kept it, and so captured the event "without a struggle."

The polish and training exhibited by the U. of S. swimming team, due to the fact that swimmers there have an easy access to swimming facilities of their own, were largely responsible for their decisive wins.

In review, looking at major hockey, one sees a well organized team ready to do things next year if their personnel remains at all the same.

In badminton, Nancy Stiell defeated Janet Atkin for the singles crown, after driving the game to three sets by the scores of 11-14, 11-7, 11-6.

Fern Atkinson and Eytan Embury hold the doubles title.

From House League basketball ranks, several recruits will be in shape to join senior practice squads. A complete set of equipment has been secured to facilitate games with outside teams. For an innovation, the services of a coach had been procured for the term.

Of senior basketball we can say little, as we have no definite achievements to attribute to them. However, an attempt was made to sponsor an intermediate team to further an interest in basketball.

The tennis team did not have the pleasure of an intercollegiate match with the U. of S., who were unable to send a team owing to financial reasons. Hence the Green and Gold still hold their title from the previous year.

The track team has a very definite victory to its credit to hand in this year as in the previous years. Several

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- CORONA HOTEL -

## Growing Old

My youth has gone, and no longer I mourn its going;  
I am weary of seeking things I could not find;  
I have made too much of my too little doing—  
Maybe: I do not mind.

I do not mind, for I have done all that;  
My life draws to an end like a tale that is told;  
There but remains to cap it with a moral,  
Now I am growing old.

Now I am growing old and hopes and fears forsake me,  
As colour ebbs from this December sky:  
Thank God, I still am near enough to nature  
To be content to die.

To be content to die like a frost-conquered creeper,  
Releasing hold on all things that I knew;  
Content that Time's deft fingers shall heal over  
The scar where once I grew.

The scar where once I grew, as one lops from old wall-trees  
A cankered branch that frays against a pane,  
So when at last, my fretful voice is silenced,  
Peace will return again.

Peace will come stealing back along the hedgerows  
To all these fields I've wearied with my sighs—  
This landscape which I've loved beyond all measure  
Yet seen with troubled eyes.

With troubled eyes, but now it brings assurance  
To know the things I've loved depend no whit on me,  
But rather from a futile grotesque figure  
My death will set them free.

—Kenneth Ashley, in The London Mercury.

intercollegiate records were equalled, and the Rutherford Trophy left in its usual home, the University of Alberta. Those on the team were Helen Ford, Jenny Filipkowski, Bea Gillespie and Ellen Erdman.

Altogether, through the smooth efficiency of our popular president, Helen Ford, and through the energetic aid of our cheerful secretary, Norma Christie, the past administration has been marked by a high standard of executive ability, met signal success in general, and achieved renown for athletics in the year 1933-34.

## BORN FIVE YEARS TOO LATE

—To see Percival Hodnut a sane and punless columnist.  
—To see Edward McCormick, in romper and bib, being obsequious to Sophomores.

—To see Bill Proctor, as a Freshman, reporting an S.C.M. meeting for The Gateway.

—To see Bert Cairns falling in love.

—To see Larry Alexander taking Commerce.

—To hear a Lady President of Dramat tell Ted Baker off.

—To see Ken Ives being tubbed for his English "ideas."

—To see Jay Burke in the bathtub.

—To have known Dr. Sandin as a bachelor.

Oh, for the good old days!

Co-ed—Ever done any outside reading?

Sc. Frosh—Tried it once, but it was too cold.

## PETTICOATS and PETTIFOGS

The lawyers resented it, you highly resented it, when a young lady in a recent nomination speech attempted to picture for an amused audience the ambassadorial legs of Mr. Bierwagen encased in the frills of a petticoat, and the demure glance of Mr. Tuck half-veiled behind a fan. Surely the exponents of Holdsworth and Thayer could not for one instant confuse a case containing a plea for femininity with a libel accusing the plaintiff of the said femininity. Heaven forbid! And yet, there was considerable wriggling on the oh so hard seats of Convocation Hall.

This is absolutely no insinuation that next year's Council will resemble an old ladies' home merely because the three major executives are law students. On the contrary, the floor of the house will rather ring with carefully phrased polemics and gracious, if lengthy, speeches. Well-oiled wheels will run smoothly, and the business of the state will continue, uninterrupted by irrational querielings from emotional lady members. The few lady members (as few as the constitution permits, we assure you) will be early subdued by the Olympic utterances of the preponderance.

Maybe we should give Mae West some of the blame. Since her advent, the level, "plain" type of geography has given way to rolling and undulated meadow land. Does this revival of the feminine mood account for the heavy masculine returns at the recent polls? Of course, woman was cut out for the home all the while, even though a few freakish upstarts à la Parlyb turned her head for a time. Thank heaven sanity has returned to earth.

With this paucity of the disturbing element and the abundance of legal advice, the new Council should do wonders. No embarrassing mistakes shall arise through misinterpretation of the "term of the law." We shall not heed the rink away and then lay down rules to Senate for its control. We shall have all Junior Prom tickets legally disposed of, and by no mistake in any "technicality" shall we find ourselves confronted with a serious court action.

All luck to Hitler and his Hitlerites!

## THE CALICO CAT

Much as we would like to end up in a shower of brilliant epigrams, provocative profundities, and a few really nasty subtleties, we can't. We are in a Calico mood, one that would qualify us to explain the intricacies of pastry-making, spring house-cleaning and advice to the mother-of-six. A discouraging way to end up a Varsity year, isn't it? Instead we ought to wax enthusiastic about Wordsworth; recite the temperamental conjugations of some two hundred and fifty irregular German verbs; give the true facts about Alcibiades; or state a few philosophical doctrines—the only one we can remember at the moment is Mind over Matter: "There was a faith-healer of Deal Who said, 'Although pain isn't real, If I sit on a pin And it punctures my skin, I dislike what I fancy I feel.'"

—We don't feel capable of drawing up a neat little plan of our gains from this University year. In fact, it can't be done. The whole is a miscellany of scraps of unassorted Philosophy, when there are fresh buns at Tuck, a few haunting lines of poetry, the right angle at which one should wear one's beret, what people to trust and not to trust, why Englishmen are so conceited, never to look for ulterior motives but always to suspect them, to be able to decipher a professor's handwriting, an appreciation of Heine. It is all an impossible muddle that even Mrs. Darling couldn't tidy, but which is bound to be of use some time or other, except of course exam time.

It is a little sad, and we feel a calico tear slide down our calico cheek, at the thought of saying goodbye to our readers, if we have any; we've often wondered. In any case, we give you our feline blessing, and wish you the best a cat can wish—it doesn't look well in print, but you know what we mean.

—F. M. J.

Through the kindness of The Gateway, I take this opportunity to thank my nominators and my supporters in the recent election. I hope during the ensuing year to justify it to the best of my ability.

MARGARET SMITH.

## THE PASSION PLAY

Edmonton to See Canadian Oberammergau for First Time—  
Cast of De Milleian Proportions  
Will Re-enact World's Greatest Tragedy.

Those of us who are familiar with the history of the Bavarian village of Oberammergau and its people, who vowed to enact the story of Christ's Passion and Death every ten years, in gratitude for relief from the plague, will be interested in the forthcoming production of the Passion Play.

Contrasted with theatrical endeavors of even smaller proportions, the play, now in its 60th production in Canada, is remarkable for the finished acting of its entire cast of some 300 players. All the principals have had two or more years experience with their parts, but to say that they carry the whole burden of the story is to overlook the grim realism of the most bloodthirsty mobs we have seen off the screen. To Jack Hennessy, well known on our campus, goes the credit for as fine a piece of directing as has been our pleasure to see in many a year.

Unhindered by plot weakness so often seen in dramatic fiction, the players have been free to concentrate on the fine shades of expression essential to the accurate portrayal of the characters in the World's Greatest Tragedy.

Good bit: Caiaphas, the High Priest, tantalizing Judas with the thirty pieces of silver—Judas saying what he will do with it—Caiaphas spotting the lie, but not letting on.

We can see why 60,000 have already attended the play—in our opinion, it's well worth seeing.

## VICE-PRESIDENT OF UNION



MARGARET E. SMITH

Successful candidate in the recent elections, will add charm to the Council and ably manage the Social Directorate.

## AN APPRECIATION

To the successful candidates in the recent Students' Union elections, heartfelt congratulations and wishes for success. In any form, even if only in a little way, that my co-operation will help to make this coming term more successful, I shall be most glad to give it. To those who, as my supporters, had confidence in me, I sincerely express my thanks.

J. WOZNOW.

## THE WINNER

Would that the entire University, faculty and students, could have witnessed the excellent performance which the Allsopp-Young-Davis-Johnson quartette gave in Calgary last Saturday night. The occasion was the Alberta Regional Drama Festival, and eight one-act plays were produced by casts from various parts of the province. Those of us who were lucky enough to be present, sat completely enthralled, and tingled with pride as our fellows performed. And the applause, both as the curtain fell and after the adjudicator had announced his decision, certainly testified that the audience did not dispute the excellence of the play "Derelict," nor its superiority over the other entries.

Eric Johnson, adjudged the best actor at our own Interyear Play Competition of this year, did a marvellous piece of work in the leading role, as John Arlington. He was ably supported by Norah Young as Mary Arlington, and both received high praise from the adjudicator, Mr. Rupert Harvey, of London, England. June Allsopp and Larry Davis were thoroughly delightful, and being skilled actors, carried out their roles to perfection.

Mr. E. J. Thorlakson, the author of "Derelict," is a high school teacher in Calgary, and he himself took a part in the play produced by the Calgary Theatre Guild, "The Undercurrent." He expressed himself as being highly delighted with the interpretation of his play. And after all, who should know better than the author how a play is meant to be acted?

This was a provincial dramatic festival, bringing together dramatic talent from eight different centres. In the keen competition which ensued, the winning play was one written by a Calgarian, produced in Calgary by the University Dramatic Society at Edmonton, and the leading role was brilliantly taken by a student from Lethbridge. How better could the honors have been divided?

We are all proud of the way in which these four talented actors have represented our University in the field of dramatics. They have earned the splendid opportunity of presenting their play in Ottawa at the end of April. We offer them our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

—M. W. M.

## POT POURRI

A Gateway Dilettante Lachrymously Exits, With Observations on College Men and Women, and a Question Concerning William Blake.

By Percival Hodnut

Your overtown correspondent becomes a bit morbid as the time arrives for his Gateway leave-taking. The tear ducts threaten to excrete, the proud and, at the moment, clean-shaven chin droops a trifle, the lips are tremulous; our Skrip-filled Waterman (advert.) quivers 'neath the press of a sentimental palsy.

Walpole, who has served three generations of Hodnuts faithfully and well, snuffs yet another taper and draws the shades; we'll have no public exhibition of our grief.

We Steele a Little Thunder

As other fifteen men have done, we hold that the proper (and amusing) study of mankind is Man. Which is why we sometimes take a minute or two off on a Saturday afternoon to watch the comings and goings of the populace. From our stand on a corner curbstone, we watch in particular the lads and lasses we suspect to be university students.

Individually, the University Men are not glaringly what they are, collectively, they can be spotted unerringly. The individual is usually identified only when he smokes a pipe: we have seen many pipe-smokers in our time, but few of them have shown acquaintance with the Varsity man's technique (notably, that of the Law student). This technique calls for rolling the pipe in circumferential fashion, sucking noisily, and chewing the stem at odd times, for all the world like a nipper worrying his Sani-Neck bottle.

Oh, Essay!

We don't intend to prolong this blurb into a high school essay. It would be interesting to outline our recognition of co-eds by their mannerisms of speech and action, but we've been frightened off that theme by one of those same university women—at one-thirty this morning, if the time element intrigues you. We'll dare to remind you of, or acquaint you with the signs of one co-ed type, however: if you are sitting alone at a table in a tea shop and someone behind or otherwise located murmurs in a strained voice, "You know, ours is a small town, and doesn't allow one any scope. Mother doesn't seem to realize how fatal to my efforts at self-expression such an environment is"—when you hear some such rot as that (we have heard it on two occasions), you can be sure there's a co-ed of at least one hue present: one of the Soul Mate seekers.

Obviously and fortunately there are other kinds of university women, not all much better but certainly no worse.

We Aren't In-scents-ible to Charm  
We went Sissy on you in the above. If this had not been the last issue of the year, it would have been fair for us to yield to our temptation to (figuratively) lift some of the co-eds out of their scented Pembina boudoirs with a little honest opinion spouting. We'd have done the same by the males.

A Blake Outlook

"With a single exception, every edition of his poems up to the present time has contained a multitude of textual errors which, in the case of any other writer of equal eminence, would have been well-nigh inconceivable. The great majority of these

ESCAPE

Our revels now are ended. No more deadlines  
Harass us with their arbitrary sway.  
No more we see The Gateway's punning headlines  
Of all the campus high-lights of the day.

No more at two a.m. with inky fingers  
And aching heads, scribbling against the time,  
We try to think, while inspiration lingers  
And put our thoughts in most atrocious rhyme.

No more we write of hockey game or formal,  
Elections, plays and concerts all are past,  
Our twisted intellects return to normal,  
The weary Gateway hack finds peace at last.

—L. W.

errors were not the result of accident: they were the result of deliberate falsification."

It was away back in 1906 that Lytton Strachey made this observation, in a commentary on "The Poetical Works of William Blake," by John Sampson, Librarian in the University of Liverpool. Mr. Sampson had included in his work letter-press originals, verbatim text from manuscript, and other pertinent data to show that too many eager and incompetent editorial hands had changed and mutilated Blake's poetry.

Tyger: Stripe Me Pink

Our point in bringing up the Clarendon Press 1905 publication of the Sampson debunking book hinges on the fact that out of dozens of several of the poem beginning "I told my love, I told my love," not quotations of Blake's "Tyger" and one we have read has given what Mr. Sampson so long ago showed to be the correct versions. In quoting the first, even recent anthologies and critical studies give us

"Tyger, tiger, burning bright," instead of Blake's

"Tyger! Tyger! burning bright."

As Strachey says, who can fail to perceive the difference? This is but one of the detrimental changes editors made in this poem.

The second example of know-it-all high-handedness gives the title "Love's Secret" to the line beginning "I told my love, etc." and ends the poem with

"Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:

He took her with a sigh."

Mr. Sampson's reference to the original manuscript shows the true reading to be

"Soon as she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly—  
O! was no deny."

The title given the poem under previous editing did not come from Blake.

After all these years, it seems not unreasonable to ask why we are not being given the correct reproductions of Blake's works. So far as we are aware, there is no evidence of bunk on John Sampson's part, and the popularity of Blake still seems sufficient to warrant editorial justice. Lack of that justice brings the scholarship of those editors into question.

Adios, Amigos

We managed to conclude in high-brow fashion after all. Is it too much to ask you to believe that we like both the high-brow and the low-brow stuff? We thought so. It doesn't prevent us bidding farewell with wishes for the success of your muse.

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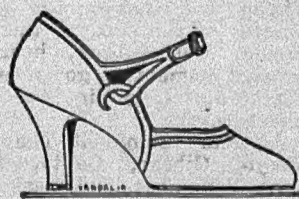
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# SPORTS



## FIVE MEN RECEIVE MAJOR SPORT AWARDS

### Rugby Star Graduates



WILF HUTTON

Who has starred on senior rugby team for five seasons, received a major award this year.

### AG-COM COP CAMPUS HOCKEY TITLE 4-2

#### Ag-Com Take 1933-34 Interfac. Championship

The Ag-Com team won the inter-faculty hockey championship when they defeated the powerful Engineer squad 4-2 in a rousing overtime tilt. The first game of the play-off resulted in a 2-1 victory for the Science. The Ag-Com boys retaliated with an equally merited win 1-0 to even things.

The outcome of the third and deciding game aroused considerable interest amongst "the boys" with the odds in favor of the weightier Engineers. The game was fast, clean and rugged, and produced some good play. The Engineers enjoyed a short-lived lead when Campbell let in a weak blue-line shot by McKee. The Ag-Com teamwork was superior, and finally asserted itself in the second period when Canty and Semenik counted on close-in tallies. From this point on the Ag-Com defended their lead ably, and seemed headed for a victory when a penalty in the last moments of play cost them their

### WOMEN'S PRESIDENT



KAY SWALLOW

Newly-elected president of Women's Athletics, who has been prominent in basketball, tennis and swimming.

advantage, as Len Parks drove home the equalizer in a goal-mouth scrimmage.

This apparently "burned up" the Ag-Com combination, for within two minutes of the start of the overtime session, Bob Gibson, husky pivot, rammed home two goals to put the result definitely in the Ag-Com team's favor.

Ag-Com—Campbell, Thomson, McElroy, Gibson, Canty, Hardacre, Love, Semenik, Polomark and McCormick.

Science—Devaney, Parks, Boles, Robertson, Gordon, Ford, McKee, Lewis, Ussher and Millar.

Referee—Brother Phillip.

### SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

President-elect Bierwagen, in an interview, is reported to have stated that a "reorientation of athletic policy will be necessary to raise the standard of achievement."

Just where our new President intends to start with his reorientation process we do not know, but the idea is a timely one. It is quite evident that students will not support a team that is not at least a potential winner.

Three senior men's teams—hockey, basketball and rugby—are more than this University can adequately support. The hockey team did not have much in the way of travelling expenses this year, and had a fairly successful season.

The basketball team had to go out of town to get opposition, and was thus placed in an unfavorable position financially from the first. Nevertheless, the Edmonton Grads notwithstanding, this is not, and never will be, a basketball town.

With artificial ice promised for next year in the city, hockey will be increasingly popular and basketball decreasingly so. From a financial point of view, is not senior basketball competition in a provincial league infeasible?

Senior rugby has the advantage of catching the students' enthusiasm at its height after the start of the term, and what is more, at a time when each student has an extra shilling to spend.

To offset this advantage, a rugby team has a retinue that requires a prince's ransom to meet travelling and equipment expenses.

The University has stars in every line, but the day when one star and enough men to fill the other positions made a team has gone past. It is not reasonable to expect that a University with a male population of less than one thousand should be able to field a team to equal the Calgary Altomahs when the city of Edmonton cannot do it.

Intercollegiate sport is our only hope for fair competition, and while finances will not permit that, the development of junior and interfac teams is our best bet.

While it would be nice to emulate eastern university teams in athletic prowess, it would be advisable to pause a while and take stock of our resources, and compare with theirs. We do not draw our Freshmen from colleges of the same athletic calibre as they do. Many eastern prep schools could field a rugby or hockey team that would put our own to shame.

We depend upon Freshmen for much of our material, while eastern colleges do not even permit them to play on senior teams. Last but not least, we have no wealthy alumnus to support us when student finances fail.

President Bierwagen can expect real co-operation from Don Wilson and Ev Borgal in any attempt he may make at rehabilitation of athletics. It will be a pleasure to have a Union President with some constructive ideas in mind concerning the campus white elephant—Men's Athletics.

### Highest Honors Conferred Five Outstanding Players

Three of Which Are Graduating Seniors, Two Undergraduates

This year five major sport awards are being presented to outstanding sportsmen on the campus for exceptional service to the University senior teams. The men on whom this honor is being conferred are: Fred Gale, retiring president of Men's Athletics, and captain of the senior rugby squad; Guy Kinnear, flashy forward of the senior hockey team for the past three years; Wilf Hutton, who for the past few years has been one of the mainstays of the rugby team in the position of end; Ralph Maybank, whose miraculous goalkeeping on the hockey squad has earned for

him this coveted honor in two years; and Len Parks, hard-hitting lineman of the gridiron aggregation. The increase in the number of these awards being given this year is due greatly to the efforts of Ernie Ayre, retiring secretary of Men's Athletics.

Minor awards this year have been presented to all the regular players on the winning interfac teams of each sport.

It is to be hoped that there will be as many sportsmen in the field next year as there has been during this term.

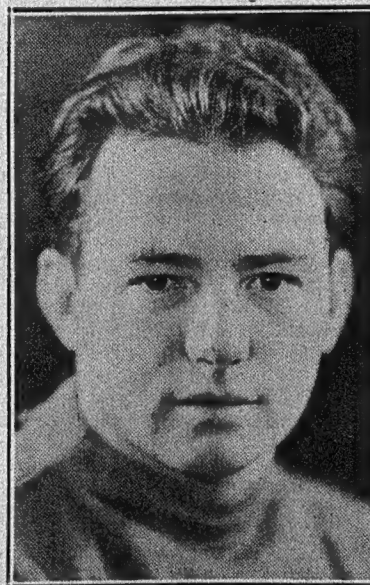
### HOCKEY WIZARD



GUY KINNEAR

Graduating hockey captain, who received a major award.

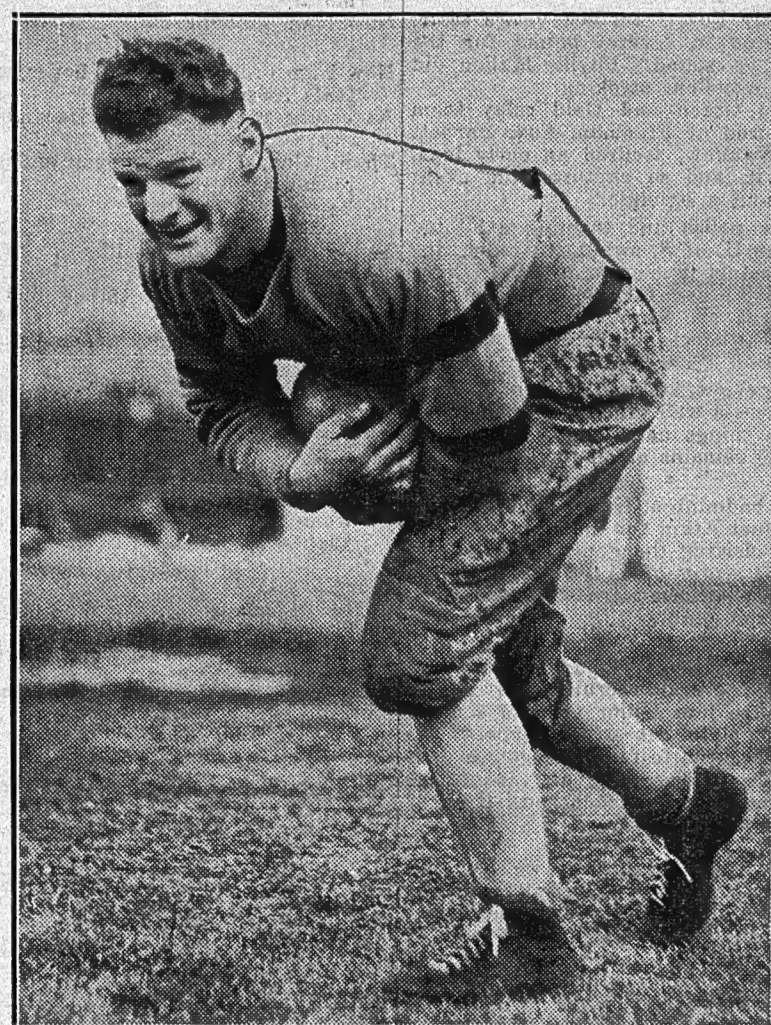
### DEMON GOALIE



RALPH MAYBANK

Whose goal-tending for the senior hockey team this year brought very favorable comment from sports scribes in two provinces, and who was materially responsible for the winning of the Halpenny Cup series.

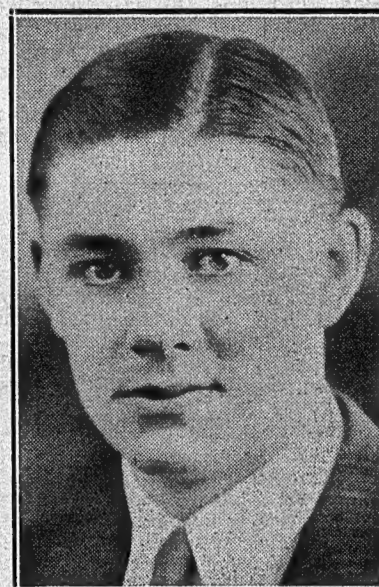
### The Big Push



LEN PARK

Heavy hitting line plunger for the Golden Bears, who was given membership in the Big Block Club.

### PAST PRESIDENT



FRED GALE

Retiring president of Men's Athletics, who is a graduating member of the Big Block Club.

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## A Grave Injustice Indeed

By C.

Hick's Cafe,  
Edmonton, Alberta,

Jan. 20, 1934.

Dear Pop,—I am writing to let you know that I have a job washing dishes in Hick's Cafe, as I have decided to leave Varsity for good, on account of I feel that the cafe business has much more to offer a man of my abilities and temperament. I feel that dish-washing is a profession which is little understood, and unjustly scorned, as we have here an air of cultured refinement, which I am sorry to say is sadly lacking in parts of the University, e.g., the Faculty run by Dean Schmalz. Moreover, I will even go so far as to say that even if I could get another job, I would probably stay here purely for the cultural aspect.

You have no doubt heard many scurrilous reports about my conduct last week, which I may say are all untrue, and very unjust indeed, as I am always very discreet in my behavior, except that many people take advantage of my kind and generous nature to put me in awkward positions. Since there is a great deal of misunderstanding on these recent events, I will tell you just how they happened, so that you can see for yourself that I am the victim of a grave injustice. In fact, I will go so far as to say that if Dean Schmalz had not gone out of his way to give me such low marks on the Christmas exams, he would never have been put in the house-gow, and I would not be washing dishes, which is indeed honest work, and is especially cultural in such a high-class joint as Hick's.

It all starts when Dean Schmalz has me up in his office for making such low marks on my exams, although I wish to state that it is indeed unjust to give me such low marks, as it is well known to all and sundry that my exams are marked unduly harshly. In fact, you can see for yourself that when they give me as low as 5½ in Physics that there is something wrong with the system of marking. Moreover, I consider giving a miserable mark of 5½ to a student who has been at Varsity for three months nothing short of a nasty insult. Well, Dean Schmalz speaks to me of my marks, and other incidents, most of which are untrue, and then goes on to say that I should be thrown out of Varsity on my ear. He is hitting on all six by now, and proceeds to call me, and my roommate, Pat Gill, a couple of disgraceful drunken bums, which is a very great libel indeed, as we are by no means disgraceful. Then he puts forward the proposition that causes all the trouble.

It is a matter of general knowledge that his daughter, Lucy Schmalz, and my roommate, Pat, are very much in love, but old Schmalz cannot see Pat with the Richmond Hill telescope. In fact, the old pelican goes so far as to state that if he catches Pat around the house he will personally exterminate him. Now, old Schmalz says to me that he suspects Pat and Lucy are arranging to elope. Furthermore, he goes on to say that if I will keep my glims on Pat, and tip the old fogey off when the elopement is arranged, he will be very lenient with me, and will reconsider my marks.

When I express my horror at such a bargain, he states that it is against his principles to tamper with marks, but he is willing to do anything to keep such a miserable drunken bum out of his family. When he puts it that way I agree with him, as it seems a great shame to me that such a swell guy as Pat should have such an old turtle for a father-in-law. Moreover, I am eager to have my marks fixed up, as I realize that I really deserve to have them much

higher. In fact, I am convinced that the Faculty is out get me on the exams, because I am in the jug four times last month, although it is well known to all and sundry that these are all cases of mistaken identity.

That evening when I go to our room I find Pat sitting at the table, weeping bitterly into a glass of our best home-brew. I put my hand on his shoulder, and ask, "Why are you so sad, ole pal, ole pal?"

To which he replies with heart-rending sobs: "Oh, why am I ever born? Old Schmalz will not allow me to marry my beloved Lucy, and there is nothing more to live for. In fact, I am just considering jumping from the High Level Bridge to end my life of sorrow. Oh, the injustice of it all!"

I see that he is indeed in a bad way, so I decide to cheer him up. I help myself to some home-brew, and very soon the tragedy of the situation strikes me rather forcibly, and I too begin to weep out of sympathy. So we drink the home-brew, and weep on each other's shoulders, and speak of the cruelty of fate, and the perfidy of Dean Schmalz. Suddenly, I have a bright idea, and suggest that he carry Lucy off by force like the knights of old. Pat declares that this is indeed a brilliant idea, and begins to wonder where he can get a horse and a suit of armour. I can see right away that the home-brew is affecting him, as he is very unsteady and has an alarming habit of breaking into twins every now and again. Therefore I decide to go with him to see that the elopement goes off in a proper and fitting manner.

Before we leave the house, however, I remember my promise to Dean Schmalz, so I go to the telephone and ring him up. When I tell him that we are coming around to elope with his daughter, he is very enraged, and I may add that when he becomes enraged he is very enraged indeed. By and by, however, he cools off, and thanks me for letting him know. I now feel very elated indeed when I rejoin Pat, as I feel sure that now the injustice of my exam marks will be fixed up.

After this we go around to the Schmalz house, arriving there along about 1 a.m. I am glad to see that Pat is rapidly sobering up. In fact, he is so rapidly coming under control that he is able to hold me up practically all the way.

When we arrive, Pat states that we must find a ladder, as all elopements are done with ladders. We look around, but are unable to find any ladder whatsoever. However, I discover a block and tackle in a garage close by, and we decide that this will do, if we can get the hook over the eavestrough. This at first presents a difficulty, but finally Pat, who is a great rugby player, manages to throw the block with the hook on so that it hooks neatly over the eavestrough, although this makes a great deal of noise, and I begin to wonder where Dean Schmalz is meanwhile. Pat now stands on the pulley, and I try to hoist him to the window, but he weighs close on two hundred pounds, so that I am unable to budge him.

We now try to attract Lucy's attention by throwing gravel at the window, but as nothing stirs inside, she must be sleeping like an Engineer at a math lecture, which is very sound indeed. The window is open, so I take a rock about the size of a man's fist and toss it up in hope that the clatter will wake her up. The rock sails neatly through the window, whereupon muffled sounds of curing issue forth, which brings me to realize that old Schmalz is all the time in the room waiting for us, probably with a shotgun. Pat hears the sounds, but puts them down to distant thunder, which they greatly resemble, although it is the middle of January and the sky is clear.

Pat now states that there is only one thing left to do, which is for him to hoist me up to the window. When I think of what is in the room, I try to find an excuse for going home, but as I have said before, Pat weighs close on two hundred pounds and is very stubborn indeed, so up I go. When I reach the window I see Schmalz in his pajamas surrounded by such heavy artillery as pails of water, and a couple of baseball bats. In fact, I am about to receive a pail of water when he sees it is not Pat, so he beckons me to come in, and in I go.

He is just about to tell me what

## Law Scandals of '34

By The Vice-Chancellor

Willie Scott, the notorious playboy and heartbreaker, climaxed a hectic season yesterday when he delivered an awe-inspiring oration on "The Secret of My Success" to the innocents of the first year.

We understand that Bill Epstein was taken violently ill last week, after the herculean task of turning every color of the spectroscopic. A well-known authority suggested cigarettes might have been the cause.

It seems Ed. McCormick, the well-known Taurus, has decided to emulate the better known Tarzan. But after a series of catcalls and attacks upon various females, he returned sadly to his desk regretting the modern professor's lack of humor.

R. J. Samuels in his infancy (at least two years ago) harbored the ambition to become a Mounted Policeman. It seems he has now realized his childhood dream and joined the "Redcoats." Or perhaps he is playing at being a radish—red on the outside and white inside.

Art Bierwagen was so good this week that even his best friends wouldn't tell. But watch your step, "Prexy," our private man goes there too.

Tooke Mackie and Bruce Whittaker were noticed wandering furtively down the "Main Drag." In close pursuit we followed them down vacant lanes, streets and across vacant lots. Finally they approached a house, and after looking about to see if anyone was watching they crept in. While debating whether to call the police or an ambulance, we were startled by a shriek of terror followed by sounds of a free-for-all fight issuing from the said house. Rushing up, we looked in a window, and what do you think we saw? You're right—Tooke and his orchestra rehearsing. What a life!

Bert Ramelson, the hard, cruel and voracious judge, has fell for one of the fair sex. However, to misguide reporters he has assumed a disguise

(Continued on Page Six)

he thinks of me when we hear the key click in the bedroom door. Whereupon Lucy sings out, "Good-bye, papa. I'll send someone around later to let you out." At this point the old porpoise starts to pull on the door, but it is securely locked. He then lets loose such a flood of choice language that I blush with shame. Then he rushes to the window, and on the way gets all tangled up in the pails of water and the baseball bats, but he finally reaches it in time to see Lucy and Pat depart in his new car.

His language now degrades so degrading that I no longer wish to remain in the same room with him. Therefore I suggest that if he wishes to follow them, I will lower him by means of the pulley. At first he considers this method too undignified, although he looks anything but dignified with his wet pajamas sticking to him here and there. However, since this is the only way, he finally hooks the rope around his waist, and I begin to lower him. But when he is halfway down the rope sticks, as Pat has absent-mindedly tied the loose end to the drain pipe near the ground, so I am unable to lower him any further.

Dean Schmalz now becomes very noisy and profane, and keeps shouting at the top of his voice, "Let me down, you damned idiot," which I consider very horrifying indeed, as by this time a large crowd of neighbors had gathered below. In spite of the things he calls me, I do my best to pull him back into the room, but he is so heavy that I can only lift him two or three feet, after which I have to let him drop. He does not seem to appreciate my kind-hearted attempts to raise him, as every time I let him drop he says, "Ooof," and then lets forth a loud abominable flood of words, so that finally I have to desist, in order to keep him from offending the public morals at Calder, which is five miles away.

By this time the neighbors are complaining six blocks away, so that two police cars and a patrol wagon come rolling up, equipped with machine guns and tear gas bombs. But they are unable to reach Dean Schmalz, as his struggles have slipped the knot in the rope out of reach, so they call out the Fire Department. It is about this time that I break down the bedroom door and escape through a rear window. As I climb over the back fence I catch a glimpse of six policemen having an awful time putting Dean Schmalz in the patrol wagon, which I consider very poor judgment indeed on the Dean's part, as it is a principle of mine always to go very quietly into a patrol wagon, especially when I am outnumbered by such a large amount.

This is how Dean Schmalz is put in the jug, which I may say is one of the best jugs in Alberta, although the one in Calgary is not to be sneezed at. Furthermore, there are certain horrid rumors around and about, to the effect that I am thrown out of Varsity, but this is untrue, as I leave of my own accord, and you will see from the above that these libelous reports do me a grave injustice, as I always do my best to help all and sundry. Moreover, I will go so far as to state that if I am not given such ridiculously low marks, Dean Schmalz would not be thrown into the jug, which is a very fine jug indeed, and I would not be washing dishes, although this is a very cultured profession in such a high-class joint as Hick's.

Your loving son,

ELMER.

## WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

By Fraser Macdonald

Wild boys of the road, homeless waifs who wander about the country, working when they can, eating and living as best as they can; kids who leave home, most of them, because they know that their absence will mean one less mouth to feed. They have no place to go, and no place to stay. Kids who ought to be in school, and might have been in school had things been different. To politicians and others they constitute a problem; but to us other humans they are a tragedy.

Both the problem and the tragedy are set forth in the motion picture "Wild Boys of the Road." Two high school boys, both of whose parents are out of work, decide to run away and try and find a job in Chicago. Which of course they can't do. They become vagabonds, just like hundreds of others with whom they are travelling, and wander all around the country. One of the boys falls under a train and has his foot cut off. He continues the endless journey on crutches. The three friends (for they have been joined by a girl similarly homeless) finally end up in a juvenile court in New York, where an understanding judge helps them find jobs and promise to return home as soon as possible.

The story is told with stark unsentimental realism; it is gripping and almost too harrowing to bear, were it not for the occasional touches of pathos that release the flood-gates of tears. The acting is so real that it is hard to realize that it is acting; after seeing the picture one has the feeling of having witnessed something actual, of having been watching, not a moving picture, but real people in real, too real life. And when one remembers how child actors on the screen, even the best of them, seldom convince one that they are doing other than acting, then the fact that I cannot shake off the feeling that they were really Eddie and Tommy and Sally that I was seeing, and not Frankie Darrow, Edwin Phillips, and Dorothy Connon, speaks for itself. Frank Darrow I have seen since he was a little fellow (perhaps you saw him recently in "The Mayor of Hell"), but the other two are new.

Those kids were perfect. So was the direction, by William Wellman, who resisted any temptation to overstress anything, or make a preachment, or to people it with Dickensian characters—it is no Oliver Twist; he has allowed a bald narrative with real people tell its own story and make its own appeal. There is nothing sentimental in it (I fear it is this article which has that fault, but I can't help it). The happy, or at least hopeful, ending of the picture is a relief to us, nor is it false to life, although every Wild Boy is not so fortunate. Those who were listening to a Seth Parker program a few weeks ago heard several boys and young men who were being restored to their families.

And this summer I myself participated in such a homecoming. We ran a hot-dog stand at the Edmonton Exhibition last summer (or rather, it ran us), and we came into contact with more than a few of these wanderers. Kids of all ages, from all over the U.S. and Canada. They follow the shows around. I remember one poor little fellow who went all around the grounds begging for paper and envelope and postage-stamp; we brought him into our place to write his letter, a letter beginning "Dear Mother. . . ." His home was in Brandon, he told us; he hadn't been gone very long.

But there were others, a little more hard-boiled. There were four fellows whom we got to know quite well, who used to hang around our stand, and use it as a meeting-place. They would occasionally get odd jobs, and bum meals wherever they could. One of the church booths, they told me, would not give them anything. One of the most prominent churches in town, at that. Two of the chaps were from Vancouver, one from Toronto, and one, Bill Welland, was from Edmonton; he was nineteen years old and had run away from home when he was twelve; he had never been back since, although he had passed through the town several times. They were all four decent ordinary fellows—I could stand in the rotunda of the Arts Building and say, "You remind me of Lefty; you remind me of Rennie; and you, you remind me of George."

We had Bill working for us in the stand toward the end of the week; a little girl stopped and looked at him, and said "Aren't you Billy?" It was his sister. They persuaded him to come home for dinner. And then they persuaded him to stay home. Where he is now, I guess, although I have never seen him since.

There was another chap I met whose pal, he told me, had a peg leg. So you see that for Tommy to lose his leg in "Wild Boys of the Road" was not just the author's invention to pile on the agony. There really are wandering boys like that.

Tommy, in the picture, had no peg leg; he used a crutch. One of the most pathetic incidents in the picture is when Eddie steals an artificial leg for him; but it doesn't fit, and it is the wrong leg. Nor have I ever seen a more heart-breaking moment than the final bit: Eddie to express his joy turns several handsprings—and then looks up to discover with a shock that Tommy is watching him, the sadness in his eyes mutely expressive. Eddie walks up to him, remorseful at his own tactlessness; neither boys says a word, till Eddie finally throws his arm around his shoulder and says, "Come on, Tommy," and helps him into the car; and the picture ends. That was the last straw.

The picture is not all gloom; it has its many light moments, many touches

(Continued on Page Six)

## The Power of the Press

By H. W. J.

The power of the press to injure individuals and to deceive the public is stupendous, and its immunity is almost complete. Many instances, some of recent occurrence, illustrate the mischief that can be done by an unscrupulous newspaper. Only one or two dailies in the whole of the U.S. and Canada can plead "not guilty" to this charge of misrepresenting and distorting facts to suit preconceived judgments and policies.

The substitution of personal opinion or catchy sensationalism for news, while it is harmless when applied to trivial matters, may assume serious proportions when the characters of inoffensive citizens, officials and representatives are dragged through the mud on the basis of unsubstantiated rumors. Untold suffering and wrecked careers result from the publication of unfounded accusations made by irresponsible people not worth suing for criminal libel. The full report of divorce trials creates an injustice by throwing the lime-light of publicity on people not involved in the case, yet, through the evidence brought out, put in an unenviable position. There they are for all the world to judge, yet, they are denied the opportunity of defending their personal integrity. Here the dailies have placed the witness on trial.

This unjust and decadent practice is becoming all too common. The only justification offered for it is that the public must be fed the truth in order to form unbiased opinions about everything in general. To the Goddess of Truth therefore burnt offerings in the form of wounded sensibilities go up every day.

It would not be quite so bad if everybody was treated alike, but this is not the case. Privileged advertisers, politicians of the same complexion as the paper, escape unscathed and are the subject of laudatory editorials, while those disagreeing with its opinions are ignored; except in cases where censure can be visited on their heads. A poor homeless drifter receives half a column in the police news, while no mention is made of a drunken lawyer of high standing who runs foul of the police.

However, we should not be too hard on the news staff of a daily. There is a hard task. Space must be filled in a hurry; no time can be taken for verification except in important instances. Hence it is a wonder that news is as reliable as it is. News is manufactured in the editorial offices, usually around a foundation of actual occurrences, but occasionally, based upon the desires of the publishers. Everyone has noticed the discrepancies in accounts of incidents he has witnessed himself.

Many of these errors are accidental, and thus to be condoned. As a rule they do little harm. But it is intentional deception by actual falsehood, by inference, by omission or coloration of news that causes unnecessary disaster.

To cite a case a long way from home, though many instances in Canada come to mind, a prominent New York paper was the chief offender by instigating a murder trial costing the county \$35,000; that held Harry Carpenter in prison for four months without trial; that kept in jail Henry Stevens, charged with murdering a woman of whom he had never heard, and Willie Stevens, who had done nothing to arouse suspicion; that persecuted Mrs. Hall with insinuations and publicity, though no evidence was produced to show any knowledge on her part of the affair that cost her husband his life; and necessitated the expenditure of a fortune by unjustly accused persons. All this agony and expense was suffered by innocent people because of

## THE GUNSMITH AND THE ARMOR TRUST

(With apologies to Lewis Carol)  
The gunsmith and the armor trust  
Were walking on the shore;  
They wept like anything to see  
The nations all at war,—  
"But if they keep it up," they said,  
Our stocks will surely soar."

"O workers, will you shoot with us?"  
The gunsmith did beseech.  
"A gentlemanly exercise  
It pays us well to teach;  
And since we love neutrality  
We'll give a fun to each."

A million men from East to West  
Came running with a bound.  
"We must defend our land," they said,  
"So many thieves are round";  
And this was odd, for none of them  
Possessed a foot of ground.

"A pretext old," the gunsmith told,  
A flag insulted may afford  
Or new commercial route,—  
So if you're ready, workers, dear,  
Let us begin to shoot."

"But not at them," the East declared  
Turning a little blue,  
After such friendship that would be  
A dismal thing to do."  
"Now be prepared," the gunsmith said,  
Before they fire on you."

"And wait a bit," the West replied,  
"Before we shoot our brothers;  
For some of them have wives at home  
And all of them have mothers."  
"Now hustle," said the armor trust;  
"They're awful brutes, those others."

"I weep for you," the gunsmith said,  
"Deeply sympathize."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Shells of the largest size;  
With a Red Cross subscription list  
He wiped his streaming eyes.

"Now, workers," said the armor trust,  
"You've nobly fought and bled;  
Shall we go home to celebrate"  
But not a word was said,—  
And this was hardly odd, because  
They all of them were dead.  
—By Jessie Wallace Hughan in "The Challenge of Mars and Other Verses."

Contributed by Women's International League, Edmonton Branch.

false reports spread by the press.

It is quite evident that this newspaper was more concerned with increasing its circulation than in securing justice. This conclusion follows from reviewing the methods employed. The only evidence produced was evidence that was indisputably doctored. An identification by moonlight of a person unknown, a revival of a case decided four years before, and the arrest of Mrs. Hall for allegedly taking a bribe to keep silent, so that the above-mentioned newspaper could secure a beat in the next morning's edition, are other features of this unfortunate incident.

This is only one illustration among many of the extremities to which excessive zeal for securing news may

(Continued on Page Six)

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# Financial Commission Gives Report Next Friday

## CHEMISTS HOLD FIRST BANQUET

The first annual banquet of the Chemistry Society was held last Friday at the Corona Hotel, and was pronounced an outstanding success by the sixty-odd guests who were in attendance. A distinctly "chemical" atmosphere was provided by the numerous pieces of chemical apparatus and the ingenious miniature set-ups which adorned the table-tops. Nor did the menu leave much to be desired by the true chemist; it featured everything from asbestos soup to spirits of nitre and rolls of sulphur. Unfortunately, the critical constants of the various "unknowns" had not been annotated; but these were soon determined by the undaunted scientists present.

The toast to the King was proposed by the toastmaster, Mr. Wilbert Jobe. Mr. Stan C. Lynn proposed the toast to the University. Dr. Wallace, in responding thereto, sketched some of his experiences in the study of chemistry in his undergraduate days, and recalled several most interesting anecdotes in this connection. He expressed his pleasure at the interest in chemistry manifested by the number of students present, and expressed the hope that this year's function of the society would be the precursor of many more. The toast to the Department of Chemistry was proposed by Mr. Morris Liskar, and was responded to by Dr. J. W. Shipley. The toast to the graduates was proposed by Dr. O. J. Walker, and replied to by Mr. James A. Fraser. The toast to the demonstrators was proposed by Mr. Victor Hess, and replied to by Mr. E. T. Margolis.

A most entertaining and witty program followed the toasts. The first item was a farcical skit, "The Doctorate Examination," which was written and directed by Mr. J. H. Cooper. Those participating were Messrs. W. Jobe, E. T. Margolis, J. White, V. Thomas, J. H. Shipley, D. W. Wooley, and J. H. Cooper. This presentation was followed by two vocal selections by A. Milner, accompanied by Mr. D. Bruser. Mr. H. H. Beech, assisted by Messrs. Jock Cameron and Ronnie Wallace, then presented the extremely humorous skit entitled "Properties of Heavy Water." The program was concluded by the showing of two motion picture films.

The committee, to whose tireless efforts the success of this banquet is due, consisted of Messrs. W. Jobe, J. H. Cooper, E. T. Margolis, J. P. Collier and D. W. Wooley. It is hoped that the Chemistry Society will make this an annual affair, and that future executives of the club will meet with equal, if not greater, success in the sponsoring of so enjoyable a function.

Emanations from the chemists' banquet:

A dessiccator is a home for crucibles, where they cool off after having had a hot time.

Hard water is ice.

A gas is a dry liquid.

Aqueous tension is that law which allows a fly to walk on water.

Valence is the appetite of an element.

Le Chatelier's principle is, if a thing has a strain put on it, the thing will assume the most comfortable position.

Kisses were discovered by an old alchemist named Adam. He was ably assisted in this work by Eve, to whom much of the credit is due. Kisses occur both in the combined and the free state, the latter in parks, automobiles, etc.

An atom is the first man. The element Woman (symbol: Wo) tends to form Anions and cat-ions. Certain un-ions have been known. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

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## ELECTRICAL CLUB MEETS WEDNESDAY

Harry Prevey Speaks of Distribution Transformers

Harry (High-Voltage) Prevey astounded the lads at the Electrical Club meeting on Wednesday afternoon by his uncanny knowledge of the why, wherefore and what-not of Distribution Transformers.

Harry started at the origin of transformers, traced their history, described their construction, and explained their function with the help of a few illustrations projected on a screen.

Mr. Prevey held his audience spell-bound with his forceful manner, his unlimited vocabulary and his impressive use of technical terms such as "transformer" and distribution. In fact, the talk was so good that Mr. E. E. Bishop wishes he had stayed to hear it, instead of twittering all afternoon.

## WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

(Continued from Page Five)

of comedy—which of course only serve to heighten the tragedy. Also the picture moves well, it is not a bit draggy. Moreover, the characters are all human. There are no wicked villains; the authors indict nobody for the conditions. There is no flaming propaganda. We are just shown the fate of these three youngsters, and see over their shoulders the whole army of others.

This is a picture that everyone ought to see. It may break your heart, but it will open your eyes. For it is all true. It is a real problem: what is going to become of these wild boys of the road? Remember that these vagabond children are not a class apart. They might have been you and I, had luck been different. They are not bad boys. Indeed, children who have the courage and self-sacrifice to give up home and family because they feel that they are too much of a burden for their parents to support must have a nobility of character that we would do well to envy. But starvation knows no law; what are they to become? It isn't every judge who is as sympathetic as the one Eddie met. Nor need we sit back and think that it is too bad about those poor children away down in the United States; it is here in Canada just exactly as much as it is here. There have always been runaway children; but the depression has produced them by the thousands, just as it has decreased their prospects in the same proportion.

What is to become of them, and what can you and I do to help them?

## MORE NOTES FROM OTHER UNIVERSITIES

The Ubysey's page of Muck-amuck is a great spot to spend fifteen or twenty minutes. The following are a couple of choice bits which may explain why we get such a kick out of it:

### Muck Soup

By the Four Mucks Brothers  
Life is a muckery. Having decided to save the world for demuck-reck, we are about to run amuck. So muck the most of it.

We take pleasure in presenting a truly amazing invention, the fruit of the misguided brain (?) of one of our number. It is none other than horseless garage—aw, heck, you a gasless horriage—we mean, a know, a care with no gas. The idea is this—black bodies absorb heat better than white. So we paint the back wheels black, and the front wheels white; the black back wheels (say it fast six times) get hotter than the front wheels and expand, thus raising the rear axle. The car now runs downhill. To stop, pour cold water on the back wheels, thus causing them to contract. The car the front wheels black and the back may easily be reversed by painting left wheels black. Left turns are ones white. To turn right paint the back half. (Pat. Applied for.)

We feel sure that this care will be an even greater success than the classic vehicles in which you sit in the back half, and push the front half, this part, in turn, pulling the back half.

### The Co-ed's Prayer

"Lord, make me a good girl, but don't always make me remember I'm being a good girl. Make somebody ask me to the class party so I won't have to go in the draw and let it be somebody good-looking, Lord, so Bill will be jealous. Give me strength to refuse chocolate cake and marshmallow sundaes. Let the history exam be a pipe and let my hair stay clean until Saturday night so I won't have to wash out the marcel. Make Dick write me every day and let him not meet any blondes. And make my eyes look like stars and my new dress fit tight in the back. Amen.

One hundred and fifty-three intelligent college students and three professors signed a pledge at Akron University that they would submit to decapitation on Feb. 17. They had not read what they had undersigned. What a chance for a collegiate "Yellow Kid" Weil!

The students at the University of Michigan voted in favor of the modification of the rule which puts a ban on the use of automobiles. Only students with degrees are to be permitted to drive cars.—Daily Northwestern.

## VARITY GRADUATE WINS COMPETITION

D. C. Fleming Takes Engineering Prize

D. C. Fleming, electrical engineering graduate of 1933, was awarded the prize of the Calgary branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada. He gave a comprehensive paper on "Recent Developments in Radio Receiving Design," at the competition which took place on Friday night in the Calgary Board of Trade rooms.

Judging of the contest was conducted by a committee headed by J. H. Ross, which awarded Mr. Fleming a total of 77 marks for paper. J. L. Pidoux, who delivered a paper on "Railway Construction in the Peace River Block," was second with the mark of 75. J. S. Neil, a graduate of civil engineering in 1930, lectured on the city's new sewage disposal system and came third with 71. Mr. I. Abramson, who spoke on Heavisides Operational Calculus is a graduate of electrical engineering. The latter was given 69.

The address of presentation was made by Mr. Ross, and the entries were judged on the following basis: Subject matter, accuracy and completeness, 50 marks; originality, 10; appropriateness, 10; and for the manner of presentation, including language, delivery and logical sequence, 30 marks.

Mr. Fleming's lecture will be sent to Montreal for the competition in the contest sponsored by the parent body.

The A.C. tube, the superheterodyne circuit, automatic volume control through the development of the duplex diode-triode, vario-mu and other tubes, development in design with the view to reproducing speech and music with greater fidelity, and sets more beautiful in appearance, were listed by Mr. Fleming as the cent years in radio. The lecturer also most outstanding improvements of the radio from the early days of the crystal set to the modern triumphs of radio engineering, and dealt at some length, in technical language and with diagrams, with tubes and their functions.

## LAW SCANDALS OF '34

(Continued from Page Five)

(moustache). We feel sure that anyone else would have mistaken him for Rip Van Winkle, but due to our superhuman psychic qualities we recognized him. We also read his mind but—well, after all, there is a censor!

Several lawyers-to-be (and out of kind-heartedness we will not mention their names) regret that they are not rubbernecks. Of course, I suppose this wish and the appearance of a fan dancer are a mere coincidence. But I am only supposing!

And for an ending, my learned friends (,), what more fitting remark than that of Spike Macleod's: "It is a feudal world."

## POWER OF THE PRESS

(Continued from Page Five)

carry an editor. Humanity is forgotten in the fury of dead-line racing and trying to beat or "scoop" rival sheets.

In Canada no outstanding scandal along these lines has revealed itself in recent years. But much petty misrepresentation and coloring of news is apparent. The fire-eating monster of politics gives the truth-seeking reader a violent attack of astigmatism in that he absorbs only news prepared with a political view in mind. Circulation records grow fat on sensationalism, as manifested in flaring headlines suggesting incipient wars, immoral ministers, corporation scandals. Printer's ink depicts man as an animal dramatizing himself through murder, manslaughter, assault, arson, and many other interesting depravities. The happy, decent side of life is lost in gazing fixedly at the unsocial side of it. Obituaries form our only evidence that praise may be as interesting to read as censure.

Again, the unseemly publicity given to certain types of civil trials has many unfortunate consequences. The most important is that the general public is put in the odious position of passing judgment without the requisite experience and training necessary to evaluate evidence. Moreover, the catch only at juicy tit-bits such as personal revelations, leaving out of consideration the matter of prime importance. They are able to pamper their vanities in the thought of their comparatively moral natures as compared with that of the moronic rogues cross-examination shows many principles and witnesses to be.

I am not suggesting any specific remedy for, obviously, I am not in a position to do so. However, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, I would recommend that people in general take a more decided stand in regard to the principle of the sanctity of personal reputations. People in positions of power, as indeed the representatives of the press are, are bound to overstep the bounds of decorum if not closely checked. This social duty rests at the door of every thinking citizen.

"Psychology has determined by actual experience that success depends 85 per cent. upon personality, and 15 per cent. upon brains," a Ouchita College professor declares. —McGill Daily.



BILL EPSTEIN

Secretary-elect of the Literary Society, represented Alberta at Saskatchewan in the Intersociety debates last year, and thereby assisted in winning the McGoun Trophy for his Alma Mater for the second successive year. His interests are not centred on one activity. He is Associate Editor of The Gateway, and his editorial comment is always constructive. His ideas should contribute to the success of the Dramat.

## UNION SELECTS CAPABLE SLATE

Rink Fee Plebiscite Carried by Sweeping Majority—Great Interest Shown

Great /Interested manifest itself in the Students' Union elections held on Wednesday, as is shown by the large vote cast. For the first time in the history of the Union a president, Mr. Bierwagen, went into office by acclamation. Mr. Jack Tuck was also elected as Treasurer of the Union by acclamation. However, the remainder of the offices were well represented, and the closeness of the vote shows that they were well contested.

The following will be members of the Students' Council for next year: President: Arthur Bierwagen. Vice-President: Margaret Smith. Secretary: Jack MacIntosh. President of the Literary Society: Ralph Collins. Secretary of the Literary Society: William Epstein. President of Men's Athletics: Don Wilson. Secretary of Men's Athletics: Ev Borgeal.

President of Women's Athletics: Kay Swallow.

Secretary of Women's Athletics: Amy Cogswell.

President of the Wauneita: Margery MacKenzie.

Secretary of the Wauneita: Flora MacLeod.

Agriculture Representative: Ralph Carlyle.

Arts Representative: Geo. Casper.

Marion Aikenhead and Beatrice Gillespie were elected for the Women's Disciplinary Committee.

At an election held yesterday morning Mr. Edward McCormick was elected president of the Law Club, and thereby becomes Law Representative on the Students' Council.

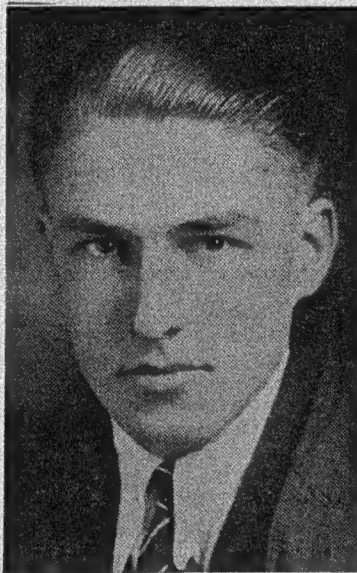
The plebiscite which was taken on the suggested one dollar rink fee was voted for by a large majority. The fee will come into effect next year, and will be used to provide against possible losses in the operation of the rink and for a building fund for future replacement of the rink, and will also probably permit the sale of season tickets to students next year at very low cost. More time will be given for University skating and hockey and also at a lower cost.

## ARTS REP

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the students registered in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences for the support that they gave me in the recent election, and I can assure all that I will do all in my power to justify their trust in me.

GEORGE F. CASPER.

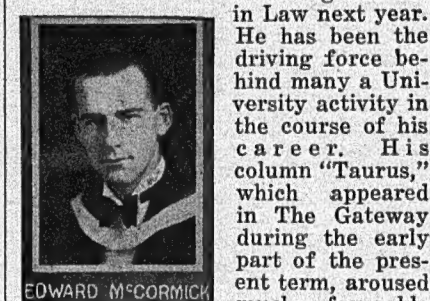
## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



CHUCK PERKINS  
The Twins are his.

## LAW CLUB CHOOSES McCORMICK AS PRESIDENT

The Law Club on Thursday morning elected Edward McCormick as their President for the year 1934-35. Eddie graduates in Law next year.



He has been the driving force behind many a University activity in the course of his career. His column "Taurus," which appeared in The Gateway during the early part of the present term, aroused much favorable comment. As President of the Debating Society last year he was able to enforce some of his constructive ideas in regard to debating. A system of provincial debates was inaugurated, giving the beginners in debating an opportunity to meet outside teams. This program has been enlarged this year. With full scope given to his organizing powers, the activities of the Law Club for next year promise to be the most outstanding in the history of that society.

## PHILHARMONIC CHORUS

(Continued from Page One)

They then sang the three songs over again, and the students also sang them once or twice. Then the three were repeated as a solo.

On the whole the songs had met with approval. There were enthusiastic comments about singing the songs at rugby games. Another anonymous person suggested that a larger attendance be stimulated at Students' Union meetings by having the songs open the meetings. Every student was given a ballot to mark her choice on.

Harry Prevey said these ballots are to be used to secure the students' opinion, and will not in themselves choose any one song.

## A WARNING!

All ye interested in the Debating and Dramatic societies, do not succumb to a post-election lassitude. Your job is still to come.

The elections of officers in these societies will take place next Wednesday, March 21. All nominations must be in the hands of the Students' Union office by Monday, 2 p.m. The elections and speeches will be in rooms designated for that purpose on the bulletin boards.

Officers open for nominations are as follows:

Debating Society: President. Dramatic Society: President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer.

## MUSICAL SOCIETY TO MEET SUNDAY

Final Meeting of the Year—Novel Program to be Presented

The final meeting of the University Musical Club will be held in Athabasca Hall on Sunday, March 18th, at 3:30 p.m. A novel and interesting program has been arranged. The majority of the numbers will be given by the student members of the society. One of the many points of interest in the program will be the German Folk Songs which Miss Elizabeth Gerwin will sing, accompanied by her sister, Miss Eleanor Gerwin. Other vocals will be rendered by Mr. Gordon Sprague. The program, in its entirety, will be as follows:

1. Piano—(a) Mazurka No. 37, (b) Prelude No. 21 (Chopin)—Miss Marion Powell.
2. Violin—Canzonetta (Tchaikovsky)—Mr. Rudolph Brey (accompanist, Mr. Fred Crosby).
3. Vocal—German Folk Songs: (a) Drunten im Unterland (Volk-slied). (b) Der Lindenbaum (Schubert). (c) O Alte Burschen Herrlichkeit (Studentenlied). (d) Du, du liegst mir im Herzen (Volksweisen). (e) Die Lore am Tore (Volksweisen). (f) Heidenroslein (Volksweisen). (g) Horch! Was kommt von Draußen rein (Volksweisen).

Miss Elizabeth Gerwin (accompanist, Miss Eleanor Gerwin).

4. Piano (Original Compositions—Two sketches: (a) Petit Moreau, (b) Tango—Mr. Fraser Macdonald.

5. Trio—Gavotta (Padre Martini)—Mr. Rudolph Brey, violin; Mrs. Stanley Smith, 'cello; Mr. Fred Crosby, piano.

6. Vocal—(a) Sands o' Dee (Kingsley), Fred Clay.

(b) I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly (Shakespeare), Henry Purcell.

(c) Tradewinds (Masefield), Frederick Keel.

Mr. Gordon Sprague (accompanist, Mr. L. H. Nichols).

At this meeting the election of officers for the coming year will be held.

## IN APPRECIATION

Through the medium of The Gateway, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the honor conferred on me in electing me Treasurer of the Union. It is my earnest hope that I may discharge the duties of this office in a manner worthy of the confidence placed in me.

JACK TUCK.

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